THE LIVING AGE

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for May, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

ALTHOUGH LEON TROTSKI is so much of a rebel that even the Russian Revolution did not quite satisfy him, he seems to agree with Arthur Brisbane's advice not to sell America short. In an interview given on the island of Prinkipo a week before his house was burned to the ground, Lenin's former coadjutor analyzes the Five-Year Plan and points out some of the significant contrasts between Russia and the United States.

GERMANY is turning away from Hitler, but whether the disillusioned National Socialists will all of them follow the example of former Lieutenant Scheringer of the *Reichswehr* and go over to Communism remains to be seen. His description of his conversion is a significant document from present-day Germany, but we are balancing it with a more moderate account of the decline of Hitler and with a very sensible discussion of Russo-German relations, written by a widely traveled German correspondent.

SENATOR FRÉDÉRIC ECCARD from Alsace argues that Germany and Russia are plotting to destroy Western civilization and thus provides discouraging evidence of the suspicions that many Frenchmen are now nourishing. We can not quite indorse all of the Senator's sentiments but we do commend them to the serious attention of our readers.

DR. WOLFGANG WEISL writes from Jerusalem to the Jewish-owned *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna and accuses the British of playing imperial politics in the Near East. He suggests that the MacDonald Government has favored the Arabs at the expense of the Jews in order to win the good will of the whole world of Islam, especially that part of it that dwells in India.

UNDER the title, 'Overheard in Geneva,' we presented in our March issue some of Paul Haurigot's impressions of the League of Nations. He now brings his investigation to a close and leaves the reader sharing some—though perhaps not all—of his own skepticism. *Candide*, the paper in which this material appeared, is renowned for its opposition to the policies of Aristide Briand.

CARLOS G. DÁVILA, Chilean Ambassador to the United States, calls attention to some of the lesser known virtues of the Yankees. The fact that a man so prominent in his country's life should go out of his way to cast compliments in our direction is surely an encouraging symptom as far as our foreign trade is concerned.

PROFESSOR HAROLD LASKI of the London School of Economics is now lecturing in the United States. As a regular contributor to the *Daily Herald* of London and as an intimate friend of Ramsay MacDonald and the leaders of the Labor Party, he is remarkably well equipped to discuss his country's politicians.

AS THE author of *Les Enfants Terribles*, Jean Cocteau has recently added to his reputation in America, but it seems that he is not wholly approved of in France. A contributor to a strongly Roman Catholic semimonthly attacks M. Cocteau for having let his intelligence run away with him. Incidentally, the whole essay constitutes a significant indictment of an important trend in French literature.

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

FROM THE EXCITED comments that followed the announcement of the proposed customs union between Austria and Germany, it is possible to discern many of the tensions that now exist in Europe. Aristide Briand suffered the severest shock, not because closer relations between the two Teutonic countries will automatically retard the formation of a United States of Europe, but because France has lost the initiative in such a project. As the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* remarks, the German and Austrian Governments have called M. Briand's bluff and exposed the real nature and aims of his scheme for a European Union. 'That scheme is shown to be yet another plan for "securing" French hegemony in Europe.' M. Briand himself lashed back at Berlin and Vienna before the French Senate, accusing them of not keeping their word and finally remarking, 'It is evident that we have come to a halt in our relations with Germany.'

The French Nationalists expressed themselves even more violently, but they were animated as much by their desire to get rid of M. Briand as by their dislike of the Germans. *Le Figaro* says: 'The Reich was so gracious as to present the Austro-German *Zollverein* as a regional agreement destined to form the core of a nebulous Pan-Europe. Germany wants to play in Europe the rôle that Prussia played in Germany between 1866 and 1870. Germany, the Prussia of Europe—that is the logical conclusion of the policy M. Briand has started.'

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Only the French Socialists showed a sympathetic attitude toward the Austro-German proposal, and these words in the *Populaire* by their leader, Léon Blum, were condemned by almost all the other newspapers in Paris:—

> Everyone knows and agrees that the Austrian nation as it was defined by the Treaty of Saint-Germain does not constitute a workable economic whole. Everyone knows that in the near future Austria would have had to make a customs union either with Germany or with the other Succession States of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. If a similar arrangement had been made with Czechoslovakia, would Yugoslavia tell us that the former Austro-Hungarian Empire had been reconstituted?

Just as a minority of Frenchmen approve of the customs union, so a few Germans—and most of them men of marked intelligence—look upon it with distinct misgivings. Bismarck once said that all the Balkans were not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier, and this new effort of the Reich to dabble in *Balkanpolitik* has its drawbacks. Theodor Wolff, editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who used to advocate Franco-German coöperation even before the War, says that many Germans are privately skeptical, and he begins a leading editorial with a reference to the fatal results of Germany's last attempt, in 1914, to allow herself to be influenced by Austria. He then raises this question:—

> One might well inquire whether Czechoslovakia is not a more important economic sphere and a more important political factor and whether we have improved our chances in the reparations question, in the question of receiving more credits, and in the Disarmament Conference, on which so many hopes are resting, and whether, all things considered, especially from a diplomatic point of view, it might not have been better to postpone the measure until later. But anyone who talks that way is accused of harming the German cause.

More representative of German opinion at large is the following paragraph from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a moderately Nationalist organ:—

> Together with the whole of German public opinion on both sides of the frontier, we here salute the grand decision that the two Governments have made. It is perhaps the first autonomous act that German foreign policy has undertaken since 1918. Time is on the side of any nation that fights for its rights. Up to now, German foreign policy has occupied a bitterly constrained position, and we find ourselves now in the presence of a voluntary act that is proper to us.

The Italian attitude, at first apparently friendly to France, is actually somewhat skeptical, and Maurice Gerothwohl of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is constantly expounding the policies of Italy, points out that although the Italians might have cause to fear an eventual Austro-

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German *Anschluss*, they are even more alarmed by the prospect of a political and economic federation of all the Succession States of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire under the auspices of France.

The Conservative *Morning Post* of London has this to say:—

> A blind horse can see how things are going. There was a time when Austria proudly claimed the hegemony of the German Empire. That claim was shattered by the War of 1866, and now that Habsburg and Hohenzollern are alike in the dust, there is no dynastic obstacle to union. Austria is driven forward partly by her German blood, but chiefly by economic necessity. The loss of Trieste and Bohemia, the severance from Hungary, the tariffs raised against her by provinces become nations have turned her, as Mr. Lloyd George was too blind to foresee, into the arms of Germany. And whatever decision may be reached by the jurists as to this latest step, it is impossible any longer to disguise that Germany is again pursuing her old policy, founded on the realities of race and commerce. Germany and Austria will work together, not for a United States of Europe, but for Pan-German ends.

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED'S new book on England has attracted sympathetic attention in that country in spite of the fact that the author paints a dismal picture. Since for our own part we have always warned our readers against being deceived by the laments for England that have become so common lately not only in England but in other lands, we are delighted to find that our thesis is receiving authoritative support. This thesis not only denies that England is done but also includes the idea that it is to the distinct advantage of the British to be underestimated by their commercial rivals. We do not mean to say that the British have been engaging in a deliberate campaign to decry their own country; they have simply taken the shrewd course by pure instinct. Thus it happens that when M. Siegfried accuses the nation point-blank of lacking vitality he receives a frank and honest reply indicating that Britannia's health is really excellent.

The particular response that impressed us most appeared in the columns of the London *Economist* in the form of a leading editorial bearing a title familiar to LIVING AGE readers—'As Others See Us.' In it the writer agreed that a national effort is needed to pull England through the existing crisis but also pointed out that the present position there is not nearly so desperate as it is in Germany or the United States:—

> Two years ago M. Siegfried's strictures would have gained more credence than to-day. At that time Britain seemed to be lagging behind in a more or less general advance toward economic prosperity. To-day it is seen that Britain, exposed as she is to the full force of world depression, has weathered a year of storm better than many of her rivals, her level of productivity having fallen far less than that of Germany or the United States. That is of good augury for the future, and we are glad to see that M. Siegfried refutes those who believe that in the early

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future we must face the dilemma of deciding whether to throw in our economic lot with Europe or with the Empire.

Closer relations and understandings both with European countries and with the Dominions are possible and desirable and are not mutually exclusive. It is the supreme need of the country to sell her goods anywhere and everywhere that she can. So long as this need, both for foreign and for Imperial markets for British goods, is recognized and restrictive policies of protection and preference are resisted, there will be no reason to despair of the British trade position when the present world cloud passes, nor to revise our ideas of the future limits of this country's economic efforts.

Altogether, there is good reason for asking M. Siegfried and other assiduous purveyors, both at home and abroad, of the popular theory that Britain is a spent force, to look a little further below the surface. You cannot safely judge either Britain or the Briton by superficial appearances or take them at their own, often depreciatory, valuations. While more voluble nationalities hasten to and fro with more obvious gesticulations of concentrated energy, the Englishman may appear to be idle and indifferent because he stands thinking with his hands in his pocket. But really he has not been idle in the past decade. He has assumed and carried heroic burdens, and has tackled tasks of readjustment more difficult than those faced in any other country.

It may be that the method of performance is unostentatious and the results rather slow in accruing. It may be that progress should be faster, and that the country needs to be awakened by the goad of stimulating leadership. We can at any rate assure our friendly and candid French critic that we have not begun to pull the blinds down yet, and that what he mistakes for coma is but the Englishman's reluctance to become excited until he is quite certain that a crisis is present. If M. Siegfried has contributed toward removing this reluctance, then he has performed for England a service for which she will be duly grateful.

THE CONCLUDING portion of Paul Haurigot's report on a visit to Geneva, which appears in this issue, reveals the same skepticism that characterized his first article, which we translated two months ago. Nor is France the only country that is dissatisfied with the League of Nations. In our March issue we quoted Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, a prominent German publicist, who urged his country to withdraw entirely from Geneva, and now comes an article in the gentle *Spectator* of London by a young Englishwoman who expresses the disillusionment of the present generation. She points out that people of thirty and under will not be so easily deterred as their elders from embarking on a new war since they will know nothing of the horrors of the last one and that by 1940 a conflagration that could be quenched to-day might rage unchecked. Here is her specific complaint against the League:—

The League of Nations is a magnificent attempt to make war impossible. But it is an attempt made by war-wise and war-weary people. The house they are building will be occupied by a new race.

These ideas have arisen from a discussion as to whether the League of Nations

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makes any appeal to the average young person of to-day. There is clearly only one answer to such a question. It makes none. Young people are bored by the League, as people must always be bored by a negative ideal. The fireman and the lifeboatman must always seem finer fellows than the insurance clerk. The fighting man is prepared to do something. So far as the young man can see the League exists merely to prevent him from doing it.

The League's humanitarian works also seem to him to be merely works of interference. They prevent traffic in women and children, in dangerous drugs; things that should be prevented, no doubt; but they advance nothing. The League is like a big policeman, forever saying no. Modern nursery psychology teaches that to forbid a child a thing is to make him want it. 'Thou shalt' is a better rule of conduct than 'thou shalt not.'

CHANCELLOR BRÜNING'S strong personality is now being recognized as the most important reason why Germany did not succumb to revolution last winter. The Hitlerites are definitely on the run, but the Communists are gaining ground and it is up to the present Government to alleviate unemployment at home and to push forward an intelligent and popular foreign policy if it is to survive another year. Its intangible assets, an important item, are considerable. Dr. Brüning is described by a German correspondent of the London *Economist* as being, 'to say the least, a very remarkable man. He has undoubtedly a touch of the fanatic, in the best sense of being a convinced believer in his mission. A bachelor and a Catholic, he lives in a most simple, almost monastic manner, concentrating exclusively on his work.' And the country has responded. Although Brüning is the leader of a minority group that has been steadily attacked by larger parties both to the right and left, he is now firmly established and 'the country is gradually waking up to the fact that, for the first time since Dr. Luther stabilized the mark, it is really being led.' The British Government, by bringing the Austro-German customs union before the League and by inviting Brüning and Curtius to London, has shown a willingness to meet the present rulers of Germany halfway. If the rest of Europe—and especially France—fails to act in the same spirit, a swing to Communism in Germany will be in order.

SHORTLY after France and Italy had signed their naval agreement, Foreign Minister Dino Grandi delivered a parliamentary address which Paris received with mixed emotions. *Le Temps*, speaking for the Quai d'Orsay, dwelt approvingly on the 'new atmosphere' that was pervading Franco-Italian relations and thanked Signor Grandi for avoiding all the embarrassing subjects that he usually discusses. But the *Journal des Débats* expressed less gratification:—

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> Without apparently touching upon the subject at all, for his oratorical art, unlike that of his great chief, is full of nuances, M. Grandi actually upheld the demands of the Germans, who urge, in defiance of the Versailles Treaty, leveling, in other words equality, of armaments and the revision of the territorial status of Europe, the first of which measures would permit the second to be realized. Obviously, France cannot be associated with such a policy, which, under the guise of pacifism, would lead to war. No one ever pretended that the boundaries of the world were fixed for all eternity, but no reasonable man can believe that peace and concord would result from a line of action tending to place Germany and the other countries responsible for the War in a dominant position. At the present moment a certain form of pacifism is being exploited, to the profit of the greatest enemies of peace and justice. We hope that Italy has not yet said its last word prior to the General Disarmament Conference, in which the destroyers of the new Europe have placed their hopes.

Dr. Gustav W. Eberlein, Rome correspondent of the *Pester Lloyd*, explains the attitude of Mussolini—and therefore of Grandi—toward Germany in these words:—

> In reality, the Italian Foreign Minister, whose name is Mussolini just as much as it is Grandi, supports neither the German right-wing parties nor the German left-wing parties but simply German power. If the Social Democrats enjoyed power, Mussolini would certainly deal with them and not with the Hitlerites. Italy needs a powerful Germany as long as she has no alliance with France, and she cannot exist without a powerful Germany on account of her security. That is the Alpha and Omega of Rome's present policy. Many Frenchmen refuse to recognize this and their failure to do so is chiefly responsible for their misunderstandings with Italy.

DON RAMIRO DE MAEZTU, the only Spanish intellectual of the generation of 1898 who supported Primo de Rivera, has just relinquished his post as ambassador to the Argentine and has returned to Spain, where he has been interviewed by a correspondent of the London *Spectator*. 'I have never yet,' Señor de Maeztu remarked, 'seen more than twenty lines of sense about Spanish politics in any foreign newspaper, English, French, German, or American.' He then went on to explain that Spain is 'deficient in political will.' The notion of Parliament, he said, is foreign to the Spanish national genius, and he described how men of high personal integrity invariably buy their votes whenever they run for political office. He has no patience with the old-fashioned politicians or with the younger advocates of democracy. 'We must recognize,' he exclaimed, 'that the world has been on the wrong track these two hundred years, and Spain, you will see, is going to have the proud privilege of leading the world back to sanity, being least affected by modern European developments.'

The future of Spain he visualizes as follows:—

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I see Spain's future in terms of a Catholic monarchy, with religion and religious organizations as of old taking the place of these feckless so-called political forces. And, by the way, there is no greater illusion than to imagine that the Church does not move with the times. It *is* moving everywhere, and here in Spain its social importance is secure. It may not be possible to attain our end all at once—I mean the revived Catholic monarchy. Perhaps two generations from now we shall see it. In the meantime Spain's 'artificial' but historically necessary mould will no doubt be a military monarchy. The army alone can supply the qualities of discipline and organization necessary to arrest anarchy.

It should be remembered, however, that this religious enthusiast is the only member of his freethinking generation to have renounced the liberal beliefs of his youth. It should also be remembered that these lines were written before Alfonso left for France.

LEON TROTSKI'S reflections on the contrasts between America and Russia which lead off our current issue stimulated the *Manchester Guardian*, where his statement originally appeared, to write a leading editorial entitled 'Big Business and Bigger Business.' The point made was that Russia not only is trying to beat America at her own game but is playing for bigger and better stakes:—

Ironically enough, the first Marxist state has adopted supercapitalist methods. Communism sits at the feet of Henry Ford. Yet there is a fundamental difference in purpose between the big business of America and the bigger business of Russia. America extols prosperity for its own sake—just prosperity, just people having motor-cars and wireless sets; Russia extols prosperity because prosperity means the power to realize certain social ideals. That is to say, the Five-Year Plan is a means toward something greater than its own success. The whole thing has been glorified because of its function. Mills are not merely to grind out gold that will go to make more mills to grind out more gold, and so on until the mills are choked with the profusion of their own output; they are to make possible a society whose motive force is something other than private greed and ambition. Russia is trying to use capitalism to destroy capitalism; to make business so big that it includes everyone and therefore is feared by no one. To achieve this end it employs a ruthlessness of method which no purely capitalist state could employ and which most people in this country find horrifying.

Mr. Trotski's patronizing attitude toward other countries does not find much favor in England, for the *Manchester Guardian* goes on to make this complaint:—

The rest of us Mr. Trotski does not consider of great account. We shall have to range ourselves on one side or the other, serve under the banner of private trusts or of the Communist trust, take the motor-car and wireless set—with other rarities not yet invented—that highly organized capitalism will offer, or the state theatre and free university education that highly organized Communism will offer (at least to obedient Communists)—this to go on until the two

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prosperities come to blows and mutually extinguish one another. The prospect is scarcely alluring, particularly to those persons who still cling to a belief, which Mr. Trotski would probably despise, in the incalculable value of personal liberty and of private, unarranged thought and aspiration. And it might even happen that the great principle of prosperity itself—whether capitalist or Communist—would be challenged. It might occur to some that the price of prosperity was too high, and that though it brought power and swift movement and leisure and its own art and philosophy, and even religion, yet the elaborate organization, the strange, impersonal tyranny it entailed made it not worth having, since certain human functions, necessary to a full life, would become atrophied in the process of becoming superprosperous. Such persons might be numerous enough to populate one of the smaller Scandinavian states. And there they might live—quietly.

DR. WOLFGANG WEISL has been writing a series of dispatches from Jerusalem exposing the dark designs of England in Arabia. He speaks with authority but also with some prejudice, since the papers for which he writes, being controlled by Jewish capital, are only too glad to find some sinister motive behind the decision of the MacDonald Government to show more favor to the Arabs in Palestine and less to the Zionists. We offer elsewhere in this issue a complete translation of one of these dispatches, and some of the points that it makes are gone into at greater length in a later message. The gist of this second piece is that the Bagdad–Haifa railway, which is now in the process of construction, represents an attempt on the part of the British to attract the trade of Persia away from Russia and out through the Mediterranean. The British, according to Dr. Weisl, not only plan to make Haifa the port from which oil will be shipped, but they also want to use it as a base for trade operations against Russia, which now enjoys a virtual monopoly in Azerbaijan, the richest of the Persian provinces. The Russians, however, only barter with the Persians, whereas the British will not only pay them real money but will at once attempt to take that real money away at a profit by selling them manufactured goods. A necessary prelude to this objective is the creation of a strong Arab state, or Pan-Arab Federation, which, according to Dr. Weisl, will virtually eliminate the Jews from Palestine and realize the most cherished dream of Colonel T. E. Lawrence.

WHEN THE State of New South Wales in Australia threatened to repudiate its financial obligations to London but not to New York, nearly all the newspapers in England expressed unmitigated horror. The London *Times*, however, turned to a well-informed Australian fresh from Sydney and secured from him an authoritative statement of the

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country's present position. It seems that the past twenty years of Australian history correspond in many ways to our own. Like the United States, Australia has not suffered from a major economic crisis since pre-war times, and in consequence many of the country's present leaders have had no experience with adversity. The difference, however, is that the important men in Australia are not bank presidents and industrialists but trade-union officials who have become completely captivated by the doctrine of high wages. For the past generation Australia has known a veritable 'Coolidge Prosperity,' with land booms, rising prices, and rising wages, but suddenly the bubble burst.

The Australian contributor to the *Times* blames the labor leaders for most of the trouble. He says that prosperity has enabled the 'career man' to profit at the expense of the intellectual and old-fashioned elements in the labor movement. These 'careerists' first became secretaries of their local unions and then moved on to the state and federal Parliaments, where they still, however, remained subject to union orders. They have built up their present prestige solely on the basis of high wages, and now that prices—especially the prices of the raw materials in which Australia chiefly deals—have begun declining, the Labor Party stubbornly refuses to consider a lower wage scale. Indeed, conditions have reached such a pass that a kind of Fascist movement is said to be forming quietly in Melbourne with a view to meeting force with force. It is unlikely, however, that actual violence will result.

GEORGE BRONSON REA, editor of the *Far Eastern Review*, which reflects the interests of the more conservative Anglo-Saxon element in China, has devoted a leading editorial to insisting that the 'paramount' issue in Eastern Asia is 'the conflict between the Slav and the Mongol for the waste spaces that now separate the two races.' He takes as his text an editorial from the liberal *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, which argued that the Japanese were seeking to extend their power over China by pretending that the Russians were hatching sinister designs on that country. Mr. Rea devotes himself to proving that the Russian menace is by no means an illusion. Under the Tsar the Russians helped to build the present Chinese Eastern Railway, and they are now attempting to gain permanent control over it as it offers them the most economical outlet to the Pacific. As Mr. Rea points out, they are justified in this demand in the same way that England is justified in holding the Suez Canal or the United States in holding Panama. China is hardly in a position to obstruct permanently and single-handed the desire of a nation of 150,000,000 people to expand, and she therefore has the choice of submitting to Russian or Japanese dictation.

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In an interview which amounts to an article the world's greatest revolutionist discusses the Five-Year Plan, Russia, and the United States with a rare combination of detachment and arrogance.

Spoken from EXILE

By LEON TROTSKI

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

ON THE OUTSKIRTS of Buyukada, the principal village on the island of Prinkipo in the sea of Marmora, stands the villa in which Trotski lives.* The puffing, leisurely Stamboul steamer leaves the bridge between Galata and Pera, threads for about ninety minutes among the tiny islands off the Asiatic shore,—holiday jewels which in summer offer the only accessible refuge from the heat of the town, but which are now deserted, shuttered, and gloomy,—and finally arrives at the largest island, Prinkipo. A half-mile walk brings us to the muddy entrance to Trotski's villa. The two Turkish policemen assigned to protect him are away—one on holiday, the other fishing. We enter undisturbed. In the cool, dark interior hall Mrs. Trotski welcomes us. 'Monsieur Trotski is out fishing.' We descend a steep, zigzagging path to a stone jetty at the edge of the sea. Mrs. Trotski shades her eyes with her hand, and speaks of the lack of ambition of Turkish handicraftsmen. 'If we have a pane of glass broken, a most important pane of glass, and send for the glazier, it is months before he comes. He says, "Why should I walk with my tools just for one pane of glass? Now, if you were to break them all . . ."'

Presently we see approaching a rowboat containing a young sailor, a boyish, enthusiastic policeman, and a third figure. The third figure rises and greets us. It is Trotski. He is short and broad, and his shortness is accentuated by a heavy leather jacket. He wears waterproof boots to his knees and a

* The visit described in this article was made a week before Trotski's house, with the library it contained, was burned to the ground.

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Sherlock Holmes cap, with the flaps meeting under his chin, to ward off the spray. It is now nearly two o'clock and he has been fishing since five this morning. Though he is over fifty years old, he springs ashore lightly and leads us to the house. I inquire after his health. His face is ruddy, and he assures us that he is well, but it appears that he is subject to recurrent attacks of malaria. His daughter, newly come from Moscow, and his secretary, a competent young man, join us at luncheon, which consists principally of the gaily colored and appetizing fish that Trotski has just caught. His son has gone to Berlin—after a ten-month wait for his visa—for an eye operation. There are children about the house. The room in which we eat is decorated with dingy marble, sad bronze peacocks, and tarnished gilt—tokens of the social pretensions of the villa's former owner.

After lunch Trotski leads us upstairs, where a working library is being established. The serried ranks of magazines and papers that fill the study take up every inch of space. Now Trotski's most striking characteristic is his extraordinary charm, a charm that resides in his perfect frankness and in his eager and unaffected manner. The two policemen, the fisherman, and the aged and courteous gardener are manifestly his devoted friends. None the less we hesitate to bring up the subject of an interview, for, as the result of some experiences with garbled interviews soon after his exile began, he is wholly opposed to them. However, on this special occasion he withdraws his opposition. We agree that the best way to avoid distortion is to decide beforehand what questions will be of chief interest to our readers, and then to write down Trotski's replies as a continuous narrative. Soon he sets to work, dictating in a musical mixture of French and German.

Trotski's Statement

WORLD opinion on the Five-Year Plan has consisted until recently of two fundamental assertions that are absolutely contradictory: first, that the Five-Year Plan is Utopian and that the Soviet State is on the verge of economic failure; secondly, that Soviet export trade involves dumping, which threatens to upset the pillars of the capitalist order. Either of these two assertions can be used as a weapon with which to belabor the Soviet State, but together they have the great disadvantage of being radically opposed to one another. To upset capitalist economy by offering goods at low prices would require an unprecedented development of productive forces. If the Five-Year Plan has suffered a check and Soviet economy is gradually disintegrating, on what economic battlefield can the Soviet Union marshal its ranks to open a dumping offensive against the most powerful capitalistic states in the world?

Which, then, of these two contradictory assertions is correct? Both of them are false. The Five-Year Plan has not suffered a check; this is demonstrated by the efforts to transform it into a Four-Year Plan. Personally I regard this attempt at acceleration as premature and ill-judged. But the mere fact that it is possible, the fact that hundreds of Soviet economists, engineers, works

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directors, and trade unionists have admitted the possibility of such a transformation, shows that the plan is far from being the failure it is declared to be by those observers in Paris, London, and New York who are accustomed to study Russian affairs through a telescope.

But suppose we admit that this gigantic plan may become a reality, should we not, then, admit the possibility of dumping in the near future? Let us consult statistics. Industrialization in the U. S. S. R. is increasing at the rate of 20 to 30 per cent per annum —a phenomenon unparalleled in economic history. But these percentages indicate a rise from the economic level that the Soviet Union inherited from the former owning class, a level of appalling backwardness. In the most important branches of its economy the Soviet Union will remain, even after the realization of the Five-Year Plan, far behind the more advanced capitalist states. For instance, the average consumption of coal per person in the U. S. S. R. will be eight times less than it is in the U. S. A. to-day. Other figures are more or less analogous. At the present time—that is, during the third year of the Five-Year Plan—Soviet exports represent about 1½ per cent of the world's export trade. What percentage would suffice, in the opinion of those who fear dumping, to upset the balance of world trade? Fifty per cent, perhaps, 25 per cent, 10 per cent? To attain even the last figure Soviet exports would have to increase seven- or eightfold, thereby instantly causing the ruin of Russian domestic economy. This consideration alone, based as it is on undisputed statistics, demonstrates the falseness of the philippics of such men as the Locker-Lampsons in England and Representative Fish in America. It matters not whether such philippics are the product of bad faith or of sincere panic; in either case, they are deceiving the public when they assert that Soviet economy is failing and at the same time claim that enough Russian goods can be sold abroad below cost price to menace the world market.

The most recent form of attack called forth by the Five-Year Plan appeared in the French newspaper, *Le Temps*, which pursues the same aims as the British die-hards and may without exaggeration be described as one of the most reactionary papers in the world. Not long ago this journal drew attention to the rapid advance being made in the industrialization of the U. S. S. R., and called on all the western states to coördinate their economies for the purpose of boycotting Soviet trade. In this instance there was no question of dumping; the rapidity with which economic development is occurring was in itself considered a menace to be opposed by vigorous measures. One point should be emphasized: in order to remain effective, an economic blockade would have to become more and more stringent, and this would eventually lead to war. But even if a blockade were established and war ensued, and even if the Soviet system were overthrown by such a war,—which I do not for a moment consider possible,—even then the new economic principle of state planning that has proved its efficacy in the Soviet system would not be destroyed. Such a course would merely result in sacrificing many lives and arresting the development of Europe for decades.

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But to return to our former question: will the Five-Year Plan be realized? First we must know just what we mean by 'realization,' and this is not a matter that can be determined with minute precision, like a sporting record. I see the Five-Year Plan as a working hypothesis used as the basis of a gigantic experiment whose results cannot be expected to coincide exactly with the hypothesis. The relations between the various ramifications of an economy over a period of years cannot be established *a priori* with any exactitude. Compensatory corrections must be made during the progress of the work itself. However, I am certainly of the opinion that, allowing for necessary corrections and alterations, the Five-Year Plan is realizable.

YOU ask wherein my opinion on this matter differs from that of the present Soviet Government. Let us set aside entirely the political question and the question of the Communist International, since these matters have no bearing on the use of large-scale hypothetical perspectives in economic planning. On the contrary, for several years I defended this method against those who now apply it. I am of the opinion that the Five-Year Plan should have been undertaken earlier. It should be mentioned here that the first projects for the plan envisaged an annual increase starting at 9 per cent and gradually dropping to 4 per cent. It was against this diminution, which was then sponsored by the Stalin–Rykov group, that the opposition raised a vehement protest. That is why it was accused of super-industrialization. As a result of our criticism, the second project, elaborated in 1927, provided for an average annual increase of 9 per cent. The opposition found this figure wholly inadequate in view of the possibilities inherent in a nationalized economy. Capitalist industry in Tsarist Russia yielded nearly a mean 12 per cent of profit, of which one-half was consumed by the owners while the other half was used to increase production. Now, under nationalization, almost the entire 12 per cent can be used to increase production. To this must be added the savings effected by the absence of competition, the centralization of works according to a unified plan, unity of financing, and other factors. If a well organized trust enjoys an enormous advantage over isolated industrial enterprises, what must be the advantage of a nationalized industry, a veritable trust of trusts? This is why, from 1922 on, I based the possible yearly increase of industry at over 20 per cent. This percentage, indeed, finally became accepted as the basis of the Five-Year Plan, and experience has not only proved the soundness of this hypothetical calculation, but shown that it is likely to be exceeded.

Under the influence of this success, for which the present leadership itself was unprepared, there has been a tendency to go the opposite extreme. Though Russia is not sufficiently prepared for it, the realization of the plan in four years is being attempted, and the task is pursued almost as a problem in sport. I am wholly opposed to this excess of bureaucratic maximalism, which imperils the large-scale increase of nationalized industry. In the course of the last year I have several times issued a warning against speeding up the collectiviza-

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tion of agriculture too much. Thus the rôles now seem to be exchanged: the left opposition, which for years struggled for industrialization and collectivization, now feels itself in duty bound to apply the brakes. Moreover, I consider the attitude of those officials who talk as if Russia had already entered into Socialism with the third year of the Five-Year Plan as false and likely to prejudice their reputations. No, Russian economy is still in a transitional stage, and conceals within itself wide contradictions that may possibly lead to economic crises and temporary setbacks. To shut one's eyes to this would be unforgivable. I cannot here go more closely into this complex question, but it should be recognized that all these contradictions, difficulties, possible crises, and setbacks in no degree minimize the epoch-making significance of this gigantic experiment in economic planning, which already has proved that a nationalized industry, even in a backward country, can increase at a tempo that none of the old civilized nations could possibly attempt. This alone transforms the lesson of the past and opens up an entirely new perspective.

As an illustration of what I mean, let us take a hypothetical example. In England Mr. Lloyd George is promoting a plan of public undertakings worked out by Liberal economists with the double object of liquidating unemployment and of reorganizing and rationalizing industry. Now let us suppose, for purposes of demonstration, that the British Government were to sit at a round table with the Government of the U. S. S. R. in order to work out a plan of economic coöperation over a series of years. Let us suppose that this plan embraced all the most important branches of the economy of the two countries and that the conference, unlike many others, resulted in concrete, cut-and-dried mutual agreements and undertakings: for such and such a number of tractors, electro-technical units, textile machines, and so forth, England would receive an equivalent quantity of grain, timber, perhaps later raw cotton—all, naturally, according to the prices current on the world market. This plan would begin modestly but would develop like an inverse cone, coming in the course of the years to include an ever larger number of undertakings so that ultimately the most important economic branches in both countries would dovetail into one another like the bones of the skull. Can one doubt for a moment that, on the one hand, the coefficient of increase now contemplated by the Soviet Government would, with the help of British technique, be vastly increased; and that, on the other, the Soviet Union would enable Great Britain to satisfy her most vital importing needs under the most favorable conditions? It is impossible to say under what political auspices such collaboration would be possible. But when I take the principle of a centralized economic plan as it is being carried out to-day in a poor and backward country and apply it in imagination to the mutual relations of the advanced nations with the Soviet Union and with one another, I see therein a spacious outlook for mankind.

THE most striking feature of American life during the last quarter century has been the unprecedented

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growth of economic power and the equally unprecedented weakening of the political mechanism in the face of that power. Two episodes—one from the past, the other from the present—will illustrate what I mean. Perhaps the most important, and certainly the most vigorous activity of Theodore Roosevelt, who ranks as the most noteworthy of recent presidents, was his struggle against the trusts. What remains of that activity to-day? Vague memories among the older generation. The struggles of Roosevelt and the enactment of restrictive legislation were followed by the present formidable expansion of the trusts.

Now consider President Hoover. To him the trusts form almost as natural a part of the social system as material production itself. Hoover, who is credited with the possession of an engineering mind, believed that the powerful trusts, on the one hand, and the standardization of production, on the other, would be instruments capable of assuring uninterrupted economic development, free from any crisis. His spirit of engineering optimism pervaded, as is well known, the Hoover Commission's investigation of recent economic changes in the United States. The report of this Commission, which was signed by seventeen apparently competent American economists, including Hoover himself, appeared in 1929. But a few months before the greatest crisis in American history Hoover's report painted a picture of untroubled economic progress.

Roosevelt sought to dominate the trusts; Hoover sought to dominate the crisis by giving rein to the trusts, which he considered the highest expression of American individualism. The significance of these two failures differs, but both the engineering prudence of Hoover and the obstreperous impulsiveness of Roosevelt reveal a helpless empiricism in the fundamental problems of social life.

The approach of an acute crisis was for long easily perceptible. The Hoover Commission might have found weighty economic advice in the Russian press had it not been so laden with self-sufficiency. I myself wrote in the summer of 1928: 'We cannot help but believe that a crisis will follow the present world swing of American capitalism, and that this crisis may be both deep and acute. But to assume that this approaching crisis will result in a weakening of the North American hegemony would be altogether foolish and could lead only to the grossest errors in political strategy. Exactly the opposite will occur; in a time of crisis the hegemony of the United States will prove more complete, more brutal, more merciless than in a time of upward swing. The United States will conquer her difficulties at the expense of Europe.'

It must be admitted that only that part of this forecast has been fulfilled which deals with the imminence of a crisis, and not that part which prophesies an aggressive economic policy toward Europe on the part of the United States. In regard to this I can only say that the transatlantic empire is reacting more slowly than I anticipated in 1928. I remember, during a meeting of the Soviet for Work and Defense in July 1924, exchanging some short notes with the late Leonid Krassin, who had just then returned from England. I wrote him that in no case should I have

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confidence in so-called Anglo-Saxon solidarity, which was merely a verbal remnant of war coöperation, and would shortly be torn to shreds by economic reality. He answered me as follows (I have the note still—a leaf torn out of a notebook): 'I regard increasing friction between England and America in the immediate future as improbable. You cannot imagine how provincial the Americans are in regard to world politics. Not for years yet will they dare to quarrel with England.' I replied: 'With a check book in his pocket even a provincial will soon enough find occasion to behave like a man of the world.'

Certainly it cannot be disputed that the Americans have no experience or training in *Weltpolitik;* they have grown too quickly, and their views have not kept up with their bank accounts. But the history of humanity, and especially English history, has amply illustrated how world hegemony is attained. The provincial visits the capitals of the Old World, and he reflects. Now the material basis of the United States is on a scale heretofore unknown. The potential preponderance of the United States in the world market is far greater than was the actual preponderance of Great Britain in the most flourishing days of her world hegemony—let us say the third quarter of the nineteenth century. This potential strength must inevitably transfer itself into kinetic form, and the world will one day witness a great outburst of Yankee truculence in every sector of our planet. The historian of the future will inscribe in his books: 'The famous crisis of 1930–193-? was a turning-point in the whole history of the United States in that it evoked such a reorientation of spiritual and political aims that the old Monroe Doctrine, "America for the Americans," came to be superseded by a new doctrine, "The Whole World for the Americans."'

THE blustering militarism of the German Hohenzollerns at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries, which rose with the yeast of the rapid development of capitalism, will appear as child's play before that accompanying the growing capitalist activity of the United States. Of Wilson's Fourteen Points, which even at the moment of their formulation possessed no real content, there will remain still less, if that be possible, than remains of Roosevelt's fight against the trusts. To-day dominant America has not yet extricated herself from the perplexing situation caused by the crisis, but this state of affairs will pass. It will be followed by an effort on her part to safeguard in every corner of the world positions that will act as safety valves against a new crisis. The chapter of her economic expansion may, perhaps, begin with China, but this will in no way hinder her from expanding in other directions.

The so-called 'limitation of armaments' stands in no sort of contradiction to the forecasts outlined above, certainly not in contradiction to the direct interests of America. It is entirely obvious that a reduction of armaments prior to a conflict between two nations benefits the stronger far more than the weaker. The last war showed that hostilities between industrial nations last not months but years, and that war is

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waged not so much with weapons prepared beforehand as with those forged during the combat. Consequently, the economically stronger of two nations has an interest in limiting the military preparedness of its prospective opponent. The preponderance of standardized and 'trustified' industry in the United States is capable, when deflected to war production, of endowing that country during a war with such a preëminence as we can to-day scarcely imagine.

From this standpoint parity of navies is in fact no parity. It is a predominance assured beforehand to the one backed by the stronger industry. Quite apart from all possible doctrines, political programmes, sympathies, and antipathies, I believe that the naked facts and cold logic keep us from considering accords over parity of fleets or any agreements of a like kind as guarantees of peace or, indeed, as even any lessening of war danger. If a pair of duelists or their seconds agree beforehand on the calibre of the revolvers, it in no way prevents one of them from being killed.

Mr. MacDonald esteems the results achieved on his American journey as the loftiest triumph of peace politics. As I am speaking here in an interview, wherein one does not so much explain one's opinion as proclaim it, I shall allow myself to turn to a speech that I made in 1924 about the relations between America and Europe. At that time, if I remember aright, Curzon was Foreign Minister and was engaging in sabre-rattling against Soviet Russia. In a polemic against Lord Curzon (which now, of course, has lost all political interest) I observed that he was only treading on Russia's heels in consequence of the unsatisfactory position in which England was being placed by the growing power of the United States and by the world situation generally. His protests against Soviet Russia were to be interpreted as the result of his dissatisfaction at having to negotiate accords with the United States that were not of equal advantage to both parties. 'When it comes to the point,' I said, 'it will not be Lord Curzon who will execute this unpleasant task; he is too spirited. No, it will be entrusted to MacDonald. All the pious eloquence of MacDonald, Henderson, and the goddess Fabia herself will be needed to make that capitulation acceptable.'

You ask me what my conclusions are? But I do not feel obliged to draw any in this interview. Conclusions are a matter of practical politics and therefore depend upon one's programme and the social interests behind it. In these respects your newspaper and I differ very much. That is why I have confined myself scrupulously to facts and processes, which, since they are indisputable, must be taken into account by any and every programme that is realistic and not fantastical. These facts and processes tell us that the next epoch will develop beneath the shadow of powerful capitalist aggression on the part of the United States. In the third quarter of the fifteenth century Europe discovered America; in the second quarter of the twentieth century America will discover the world. Her policy will be that of the open door, which, as is well known, opens not inward but only outward in America.

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Is Germany turning from Fascism to Communism? A former *Reichswehr* lieutenant sentenced to jail for helping Hitler tells why he suddenly turned Communist, a British observer exposes the futility of the Nazis, and a German liberal talks sense about Russia.

From Hitler *to* Moscow

By Three Correspondents in Germany

I. Converted to Communism

By a German Correspondent

Translated from the *Rote Fahne*, Berlin Official Communist Daily

[Note.—As soon as the sensational news of former Lieutenant Scheringer's conversion to Communism reached Berlin, a member of our staff was dispatched to the prison in Gollnow, where he had a long talk with Scheringer. In the course of this conversation, Scheringer described how he developed from a *Reichswehr* lieutenant who was led astray by the catchwords of National Socialism into a champion of Communism.—Editor, *Rote Fahne*.]

In order to distract attention from the hollowness and futility of capitalist society, every organ of the bourgeois press has described our new comrade, Scheringer, as being typical of the present vacillating, uncertain youth of Germany. One cannot but smile at these words when one sees Comrade Scheringer in person, speaks to him, and becomes aware of his profound convictions. He did not make up his mind overnight as the bourgeois newspapers have attempted to insist in order to minimize the significance of his conversion, but he came to his decision only after serious scientific study of the present political situation.

The wave of excitement that Scheringer's behavior aroused quickly reached the little town of Gollnow in

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Pomerania, where he is still imprisoned in the fortress. Friday morning a telegram arrived from the National Socialist newspaper, *Angriff*, reading, 'Wire at once whether rumor of Scheringer's conversion to Communist Party is true.' Scheringer answered in the affirmative, but Goebbels, the National Socialist leader, did not have the courage to print his reply: 'Hitler revolution betrayed. News of conversion true. Make public. Scheringer.' Dr. Haubach, press chief for the Social Democratic leader, Grzesinski, acted even more quickly. The previous evening he had already put through a call to the Gollnow fortress and discovered to his astonishment that Scheringer's conversion was indeed a fact, and the news promptly appeared in the Ullstein press.

Scheringer smiled contemptuously at this hubbub, for he has really burned all the bridges that connect him with the bourgeois world. In answer to my questions, he explained something of his past history, all of which cannot be repeated, but he underwent the same fate that tens of thousands of other young members of the German middle class have experienced and are still experiencing to-day. Dazed by contemporary happenings, contemplating the crisis of the capitalist system, they despairingly adopt Fascism because they believe it possesses revolutionary power. But Scheringer is more intelligent than most and for that reason he soon found his way to our party. His evolution will no doubt influence thousands of other young people.

'It was in Coblenz,' he related, 'that I first came in contact with political activity. We were breaking up a printing office run by members of the Separatist movement. We were arrested by German police and sentenced by a French court.'

To-day he sees more clearly. He finished his studies in Berlin and after joining the youth movement he became a member of the Black *Reichswehr*, joining the regular *Reichswehr* in 1924. In 1928 he was made a lieutenant.

'The popular opposition to the Young Plan brought me around to the National Socialist movement. I believed that it was the party that would be able to win us our social and national liberty. While I was a member of the *Reichswehr*, some of my comrades and I endeavored to make it easier for noncommissioned officers to get commissions and we also struggled against the tendency to develop the *Reichswehr* officers into a kind of ruling class. General Lieutenant Groener, the Minister for Defense, still insists that our demands were socialistic and we were looked upon as insubordinate.

'My National Socialist faith received its first shock at the Leipzig trial. Hitler's oath to act legally surprised me, but we believed it was simply a political gesture. While I was imprisoned in Moabit I read Marx's *Capital*. People kept attacking Marxism and their constant criticisms made me want to learn more about the subject. I then searched through our press and newspapers for a refutation of Marxism but could find none. I read our programme and was dissatisfied with it. I asked what party literature of ours refuted Marxism, but everything recommended to me seemed mere drivel. I then read Hitler's book, *My Struggle*, hoping that there I could find a refutation of Marx-

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ism. Hitler, however, merely announced that Feder's book, *The National and Social Basis of the German State*, was the catechism of his movement.

'Finally, when I tried to secure a copy of that book, I was told that it was temporarily out of print, that a new edition was being prepared, but that it would not appear for a year or two. And that,' announced Scheringer with a smile, 'is our catechism. Formerly I did not understand why that book could not be purchased, but now I know. Even Feder's first steps toward Socialism were too much for Hitler.

'Later, when Goebbels and I were going to Munich to see Hitler, Goebbels said to me, in the course of our railroad journey, when I spoke to him of another book by Feder that dealt with the crime of paying the Young Plan tribute, "The only crime about that book is the trouble it takes to read it." This degree of cynicism only served to strengthen my doubts.'

COMRADE SCHERINGER then described the time he had spent in prison, during which his inner convictions underwent their most serious crisis. This change was not easy for a man who had been brought up to take a middle-class view of the world and who had come to accept the patriotic beliefs of the usual *Reichswehr* officer. Nevertheless, the victorious power of Marxism, the clear-cut, materialist dialectic, and the fighting spirit of Lenin overwhelmed what remained of his Fascist convictions and made him recognize the truth of revolutionary Marxism.

'The experiences of last winter and of the last few weeks in particular gave me my final impulses. I kept trying to defend the National Socialist movement only to meet with one discouragement after another. It shocked me that the party voted against the suspension of Young Plan payments, against immediately resigning from the League of Nations, and against higher taxes on millionaires, and then voted in favor of huge subsidies to the Mansfeld A. G. and other industries.

'Again and again I kept seeing this contrast between programme and action. The party programme opposes hiring foreign labor, yet Von Corswandt, the National Socialist deputy from Pomerania, hires Polish workers on his estate, and when we wrote an article about it for our official press, it was returned to us with the message that enough dust had been raised already.'

What Scheringer had come to recognize and understand as a result of his party's practical activity was also confirmed by his theoretical studies. He learned to familiarize himself with historical materialism. He read Engels and the works of Lenin and recognized the overwhelming power and invincible strength of their doctrines.

'Another book that made a great impression on me was *Between White and Red*, by Dwinger. Dwinger fought in Kolchak's army and described how Bolshevist propaganda spread among Kolchak's troops. In a certain city all the Communists were shot, but the next day many of Kolchak's troops deserted to the Reds. I have never known of any other idea that has such power.

'When I arrived in Gollnow I was firmly convinced that the Five-Year

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Plan would fail, but since then I have learned more facts and they all go to prove that the Five-Year Plan will succeed. These facts convinced me. I was disgusted by the anti-Soviet preachments of the National Socialist press and I could not agree with its unbending opposition to the Soviet Union. Furthermore, its foreign policy has now been shattered by the *rapprochement* between Italy and France. In every field the National Socialists have revealed their lack of clear-sightedness.

'I then wrote a letter to Goebbels in which I asked him various questions. I sent him a pamphlet by Hermann Remmele attacking Fascism in which I underlined many passages and asked him what he could say in reply to them. I raised the question of how the party proposed to break the Marxian front and what it would do in relation to capitalism. I asked if there were any book that contained a full reply to Marx's *Capital* and whether the party was going to become more proletarian or more middle class.

'I received in reply a letter from Goebbels' secretary, who spoke of the great pleasure my letter had given, and mentioned our brave stand in Leipzig. It then closed with these words, "Moreover, I believe I can state definitely that the party will remain true to its programme of guaranteeing purity and order at home and freedom in our foreign relations."

'Of course this was no answer, but I had not expected anything different. Last month I made my final attempt to get an explanation. I was granted a parole from the 23d to the 28th of February and first of all I went to see Goebbels in Berlin. I was treated very politely but received no answers to my questions. All that he did was to offer me positions. I then went with Goebbels to see Hitler, and I spoke to Hitler and many other leaders. This visit fully convinced me that up to that time I had taken a false path.'

After this trip, Scheringer made his final decision. The National Socialist chapter in his life is closed. He has adopted the Marxian position for which he has unconsciously been preparing himself for some time past. And here are the closing words of his interview:—

'I hope through my conversion to hasten the development of revolution. I shall bring my whole strength to bear and endeavor to overcome the anti-Communist prejudices of the more active young Germans both in and out of the army. It is my firm conviction that the revolution executed by the laboring masses and led by the Communist Party will triumph.'

II. Hitler at Work

By a Correspondent in Germany

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Weekly Journal of the Left

As far as Germany is concerned, the Continental Sunday has almost ceased to be that day of gay worldliness once regarded with so much aversion by many Englishmen. This does not mean that the authorities have to concern themselves with the prohibition of picture shows or charity

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concerts. Their task is of a sterner nature. It is nothing less than to prevent a weekly civil war in town and country. For in Germany Sunday has become the day of battle between the opposing forces of the left and right.

Those who have not followed the development of the old German Empire, who have not grown up in this country or experienced the militaristic character of pre-war Germany, will hardly be able to believe the spectacle that a German town presents on a Sunday morning. Maybe it is a day of Fascist demonstration, when the Nazis turn out in force. You are then awakened by the war songs of groups of young men (who have never seen anything similar to war and are merely living on the traditions of their forefathers) marching along the streets in military order. You will easily recognize them by their flags, showing that old Indian sign of fertility (the swastika), which by an error of some patriotic historian is now taken for a symbol of the Teutonic race. You will meet these young men with their flags again when the big show of the day has begun; the whole of their forces parade the streets with bands playing, accompanied by shouts of '*Heil Hitler*' and speeches designed to rally all followers. And all this under the supervision of a strong body of police, which has the task of preventing clashes between the Fascist troops and rival forces.

Such clashes occur frequently. Imagine the Fascist body in military order marching along the main roads of the city, with police in front and behind and on both sides. You will then see a Communist group, not so much in military order, but in an equally warlike mood, quickly being formed by people emerging from the side streets and then marching in the opposite direction till they meet the Fascists. As soon as they are side by side with their opponents, they turn round and march beside them, all the time booing and shouting 'Down with Hitler.' The police have, of course, to walk between these two armies.

Now the police are not liked by either party. They are called 'Fascists' by the Communists and 'Marxians' by Nazis. Such battle cries as '*Rote Front*' ('Red Front,' the war cry of the now prohibited revolutionary workers' defense corps) or '*Noske Bluthund*' (a name given to the police since the atrocities they are supposed to have committed against Communists during the time of the Social Democratic Minister Noske) are forbidden. But you are certain to hear these calls, either from the marching body or from the crowd of onlookers. The police, pushed about by the marchers, insulted by being called 'bloodhounds,' feel that they must do something. The moment they turn to dispersing the Communist body, or to arresting those who insult them, the fight between Communists and Fascists breaks out, and the police find themselves involved in a battle in which they are the opponents of both sides. If the situation becomes critical, the Communists disappear in the side streets merely to reappear as soon as there is a chance for another attack. No one will wonder that such quarrels sometimes lead to bloodshed.

Or, maybe, it is a day when the republicans call upon their followers to demonstrate against the growing danger of Fascism that is threatening the present German State. The republicans comprise the Social Demo-

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crats (corresponding approximately to the British Labor Party), the Centre Party (Roman Catholics), and the German State Party, the smallest of the three (which, though similar to the Liberals, differs from them in some important aspects). The result of the last elections, in which the Nazis got 107 seats in the Reichstag, awakened the republican parties to some extent from their feeling of security. Indeed, as the Nazis have threatened that the heads of those who undertook the revolution of 1918 shall fall, the leaders of the progressive parties may have to fear the worst in the case of a Fascist rule.

Of course, there is a lot of empty verbiage in what the Nazis say, but the possibility of a Fascist revolt is an equal menace to all left-wing organizations. Yet when the republicans announce a demonstration, the Communists, so far from asking their followers to participate in a meeting of Social Democrats, actually arrange a procession of their members on the same day in almost the same part of the town and thus give occasion for further trouble. And while these two anti-Nationalist bodies, both protesting against the menace of Fascism, are quarreling with one another, the Fascists will throw sneers and worse at them and even send out snipers after dark. Should the Social Democrats attempt to propagate their ideas in the villages they can reckon on being attacked by a crowd with stones, sticks, spades, and forks. And amid all these disturbances the police stand by as another party rather than as an impartial guardian of the peace. In Prussia they have strong leanings toward the Social Democrats, in Thuringia and Bavaria they favor the Fascists, and everywhere they are deadly opponents of the Communists.

ON the whole, the workers in the big industrial towns are very hostile to Fascism. Particularly in the Ruhr district, where I am living at present, there are still vivid memories of the atrocities that the voluntary military bodies (so-called *Freikorps*) committed soon after the 1918 revolution, when they were called in by the industrialists to prevent the workers from enforcing the nationalization of the coal mines. In some parts there is scarcely a house where people do not mourn the loss of some member of the family who was killed at that time. It is understandable that in these circumstances the workers do all they can to prevent Fascist propaganda from gaining ground.

When a Fascist meeting was called in Dortmund the other day, a thousand workers occupied the hall, and started singing the 'International' when the speaker appeared. Of course, this led immediately to the break-up of the meeting, street fighting occurred, and the police were busy all night putting down the disturbance. The Nazis are not always restrained even from wild excesses, such as murdering opponents and 'traitors'—which is easy to understand if it is remembered that Herr Hitler himself declared that the individual lives of his adherents are of no importance to him. This is the party which one of the British press lords heralded as 'a nucleus of strength about which the forces of Western civilization may some day gather in defense.'

The remarkable thing about this

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party is that it has no programme worth speaking of, and that none of its adherents is asking for one. Indeed, Herr Feder, the avowed economist of the Nazis, made two attempts the other day at discussing economic problems on the wireless with Dr. Noetling, a well-known politician of the middle left. However, Herr Feder showed such an ignorance of economic matters that Herr Hitler has now made it a point of party discipline not to undertake such discussions. For his adherents the discussions are not required; they are imbued with the idea that the Marxists and the Jews are responsible for Germany's suffering since November 1918 and they follow Herr Hitler because he professes to be the enemy of Marxists and Jews. The only definite thing people are told is that the Nazis will free them from '*Zinsknechtschaft*,' a word that literally means 'bondage of interest,' and by which they understand some sort of oppression by international banking capital, the profiteers of the Young Plan, and Jewish capitalists in general. But what this involves and how it is to be done no one clearly sees, nor do people bother about it. One of their leaders, when asked whether he had read anything of Karl Marx, whom he continually attacked, replied: 'Thank God, no!'

Thus, if one goes to the bottom of it, there remains nothing to explain the Fascist movement except dissatisfaction with the present economic crisis (which is attributed to the Jews and Marxists), coupled with the traditions of German militarism, which are fostered by its former leaders, who lost their jobs with the destruction of the German monarchy. No one will maintain that this is a hopeful basis for a revival of civilization. Herr Hitler's noble 'relatives in spirit' in England are, it is to be feared, no good in foreign politics. The man whom they are sponsoring and who does not mind associating with murderers, a man who considers a false oath as a legitimate weapon in politics, may easily turn out to be a menace to civilization rather than its bulwark.

III. Germany Looks at Russia

By Dr. Sven von Müller

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

A SHORT TIME ago Sir Henri Deterding said to me, 'Within six months Bolshevism will be defeated.' That was just before the German industrialists visited Russia and Sir Henri, being a polite man, wanted to allow them time to complete their journey. He also can enjoy the luxury of believing whatever he chooses to believe, for an oil king has royal privileges in a period of democracy. But other prophecies are also being made: 'Just wait two years and the Russians will ruin all the markets of the world with their dumping. The army of unemployed in all nations will ally with them and a new Russian steam-roller, equipped with the most modern military technique and made up of hundreds of divisions, will flat-

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ten out the ruins of Europe.' Many individuals talk this way and not hare-brained cowards only.

But there is a middle ground occupied by solid, everyday business men. They want to do business, no matter whether the person they deal with is a Communist or a Fascist. They care for no prophecies extending more than eighteen months, when their last bill of exchange falls due, and if they enjoy really sound guarantees they do not want any prophecies at all. Only when politics interfere with their business do they grow impolite.

Now we Germans have no desire to interfere with business, for we cannot fail to welcome even the modest part of our total export trade that a hundred per cent increase in Russian orders would represent. Every unemployed worker who is reclaimed from the streets and put back into the factory again strengthens our body politic against the danger of radical infection. But we must not be hypnotized by the favors that the Kremlin has lately been dangling before our eyes. For the favors that the Russians hold out to us must be real favors, not mere warnings to America, England, and France. The powers that be of Communism have simply been trying to explain that anti-Communist propaganda is bad business, and we must therefore evaluate the new good will that the Kremlin has shown us in the light of political considerations.

In one respect the Russians are quite correct. Anyone who describes their present export policy as dumping is doing these clever business men an injustice. The critical position of Russia's foreign exchange forces that country to export goods that it sorely needs at home and to exchange them for foreign currency without regard to manufacturing costs. The purpose of these transactions is to acquire a medium for making international payments, for the Russians have no intrinsic interest in lowering prices. Moreover, they would not consider exporting gold, especially with their domestic circulation of paper money in its present precarious state, because symptoms of inflation are the most dangerous kind of threat to their economic development.

One should never underestimate one's opponent, and anyone who assumes that Russian foreign policy is stupid is certainly making a great mistake. If the Kremlin really wanted to open an economic offensive on the capitalist world, it would plan such an offensive just as methodically as it is now planning to develop its munitions industry. There is, however, one factor that cannot be included in any programme and that is the harvest of the coming year. In 1930, the Russians enjoyed very good fortune, but if they should now be faced with a poor harvest not only would their purchasing power be affected but their whole régime would suffer a serious setback.

It is a difficult and bold task to attempt to analyze the soul of modern Russia. No other country talks so carelessly of the certainty of war, for no country in the world, not even Fascist Italy, lives in such a permanent condition of mobilization. Furthermore, no country is so isolated from contemporary world affairs and no country is so unable to compare its own stabilized poverty with the incomparably better condition of even the poorest capitalist nation. But we must not allow ourselves to be deceived, and must remember that all

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distinctions between the great ideas of Communist world revolution and of Russian national imperialism vanished long ago. The young people of modern Russia reproach the Communists for having signed the peace of Brest-Litovsk in order to guarantee the success of their revolution and assert that this treaty lost them Poland and the ice-free harbors of the Baltic. That is why one finds in the huts of the peasants, beside the old icons, pictures of Voroshilov, the Commissar of War, and General Budjenni, but not pictures of Lenin or Stalin. Russian youth, too, has its Versailles Treaty that overshadows many other considerations.

BUT in spite of all the preparations that have been made, it would be a mistake to overestimate the fighting power of the Red Army. Russia's economic resources and its railways are already being used so close to full capacity that they could not possibly stand the demands of modern massed warfare. Even though the reserves of munitions and supplies for the Red Army may attain imposing figures, the decimation of livestock that accompanied the collective farm movement and the enormous demands of the leather industry have made such great inroads that the livestock shortage is perhaps the most serious problem that the Government now faces. Moreover, even the most thorough military training cannot transform the Russian mujik overnight into the independent, self-reliant kind of soldier that is necessary in modern war. Anyone who has studied the tremendous development of military technique that has occurred since the Great War knows that the Russian attacks of 1914 to 1917 would to-day amount to neither more nor less than mass suicide. Numbers can no longer prevail against machines. That time is past.

And another period, too, is over. The reactionary *émigrés* with their headquarters in Paris no longer represent any danger to Russia, though they may prove to be a burden to the French, who have always shown themselves hospitable to foreign exiles, more out of traditional feeling than out of altruism. But the most important question that Bolshevism faces has merely been postponed and not solved. The relentless, capable hand of Stalin has demolished all opposition from the right. This may for the moment be celebrated as a victory, but it is likely to prove a Pyrrhic one. Stalin has not only lost what friends he had in the opposition party; he has also turned his opposition enemies into revolutionists. Many significant symptoms indicate that the younger members of the right-wing opposition bodies may become a great danger to the Kremlin. They are now being aided in their labors by a new group of Communist *émigrés*, the 'Union of the Nonreturners.' This group, known as 'Borjba,' follows the same general programme that the right-wing Communists used to pursue and it has many influential friends among the young Communist intellectuals, the Red Army, the G. P. U., and the diplomats.

As far as our relations with Russia are concerned, we can learn one clear lesson from the present development of the Bolshevist revolution. We should encourage our friendship to grow but should not involve ourselves

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in Russian affairs. A democratic government might well be able to Americanize Russia's technical equipment but perhaps it could not work at so great a speed as the Communists. On the other hand, fewer failures would occur if there were a democratic government in Russia, and a tremendous eastern market would be created for us, a market for which the capitalist world is eagerly waiting.

To-day Russia is by tremendous efforts going through the whole course of development that Western Europe underwent gradually from the time of the Reformation through the French Revolution. What permanent forms will be left as the result of the Bolshevistic experiment we do not yet know, but this much is certain: only an act of historic folly can stabilize the Bolshevist dictatorship, to wit, armed intervention on the part of the capitalist world. As long as Stalin goes on believing that the economic harmony created by underproduction and underconsumption represents the power of the Bolshevist system, he can learn nothing. But if this harmony is destroyed by an increase in production then the working people will demand buying power instead of worthless rubles. This inevitable development in the mentality of the Russian masses will decide the fate of the Bolshevist experiment. History has proved that it is impossible to dam the mighty stream of a real revolutionary development, but history has also proved that every flood tide reaches a natural limit and then begins to ebb.

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A French Senator from Alsace accuses Germany and Russia of plotting to embroil all Europe in war and revolution. To read his words is to feel the spirit that governs French policy to-day.

The Russo-German PERIL

By Senator Frédéric Eccard

Translated from the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*
Paris Political Monthly

FRANCE is now being attacked by a clever and violent propaganda campaign emanating from Germany and Russia, the two countries most expert in the art of distorting the truth. This campaign is winning its way through Italy, extending to America, and penetrating among our former allies and among many neutral countries whose sympathy we once enjoyed. Germany alone spends three hundred million francs a year on official propaganda and about the same amount on private propaganda connected with official organizations.

A few particularly striking examples will indicate the ravages that these activities have already produced in world opinion. A middle-class Swiss, writing to a friend of his in France, says, 'To-day the situation is as alarming as it was in 1914. In Switzerland and certainly throughout the rest of Europe, France is held responsible, and if she continues her present armament policy a new catastrophe will burst upon the world, for neither Italy nor Germany will be able to support any longer the continual threats of the French.'

The Italian newspaper, *La Stampa*, attacks the formidable menace now hanging over the continent of Europe as a result of French hegemony and denounces the duplicity with which M. Briand adroitly conceals his real intentions under a mask of pacifism.

The meeting between members of the German *Stahlhelm* organization and Mussolini during which the Duce replied to the Germans in their own language was dominated by the same idea, and it was against France that the following words of the head of the German delegation were directed: 'The two nations that are cramped

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into central Europe have the same destiny, the same ideals, the same future, and their advance should be parallel.'

As for the Soviet Union, capitalistic France represents the most dangerous enemy and one to be opposed at all costs. One method of attack is to foment revolutionary activity in Alsace and Lorraine. From the 25th to the 27th of October 1930, a Communist congress met in Strasbourg under the auspices of the West European bureau of the Communist International, whose aims fully coincide with those of the Soviet Government.

The manifesto published at the close of this conference constitutes a real appeal to revolution. The people of Alsace Lorraine, victims of French imperialism, are called upon to rise up against the rapacious Versailles Treaty and fight against the national oppression that weighs so heavily on the laboring classes. The workers and peasants, who are described as being the most exploited and oppressed of any citizens of the capitalist French Republic, are incited to separate from France and create a free Soviet republic of Alsace-Lorraine. 'Only the revolutionary uprising of popular masses,' says this manifesto in conclusion, 'will be able to throw off the yoke of French imperialism and capitalist exploitation.'

These few examples, and many more could easily be presented, should be sufficient to disillusion us concerning a policy that was so convinced of its own generous principles that it did not pay enough attention to realities and to the mentality of certain countries, notably Germany and Russia, which have no scruples about exploiting the pacifism of France in order to further their own egotistical and far from pacifistic plans. It is really extraordinary that in spite of the bloody experiences of the War, in spite of the lessons of history, we still have confidence in the good faith of German politicians. The efforts of German propaganda to deny that country's responsibility for the War characterize the spirit of Germany's present policy. Although no impartial judge can doubt Germany's culpability, the country itself denies it with impudence, knowing that this blame constitutes one of the principal bases of the Versailles Treaty, which it is attempting to destroy by every means.

THE reminiscences of former Chancellor Bülow have provoked immense excitement throughout Germany and contain a terrible indictment of German policy for provoking the War. 'In the ultimatum to Serbia and in the mistakes that accompanied it, Bethmann-Hollweg committed the gravest mistake in German and Prussian history and one of the most serious mistakes in world history.' These words of a German who directed his country's destiny for nine years have not modified German public opinion, which is poisoned by an unscrupulous press. Nonculpability for the War has become for every German patriot an incontestable dogma that determines his political actions. It is to this sinister agitation that we owe in large measure the Reichstag elections of last September, in which more than twelve million votes were given to the Communists and the Hitlerites, in other words, to the most violent adversaries of the Versailles Treaty.

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The Government of the Reich is no longer capable of suppressing this wave of chauvinism that has swept over Germany, and though it tries to soft-pedal its resentment it is really pursuing the same ends that Hitler's supporters champion—revision of the Versailles Treaty and of the Young Plan, revision of the eastern frontiers, parity of armaments, *Anschluss* with Austria, and so forth. All German statesmen, including President Hindenburg, Chancellor Brüning, and Dr. Curtius, share the same opinions, which vary only as their temperaments and circumstances vary. They follow the rule laid down by Ludwig Kaas, leader of the Centre Party, who advocated adopting a policy of liberation by slow degrees instead of suddenly tearing the treaty to pieces.

The speech delivered by the Foreign Minister on the 21st of November before the Reichsrat, or assembly of delegates from the German states, reveals the aims that the leaders of the German Government are pursuing with the full agreement of the *Reichswehr*, which is the pivot of all German power, and of Count von Bernstorff, their representative at Geneva. These words are in complete opposition to the principles laid down by André Tardieu in his speech of November 13, 1930, before our own Chamber of Deputies.

Dr. Curtius did not conceal the gravity of the situation, but declared that he would endeavor to direct the foreign policy of the Reich with firmness and reflection, in other words, with greater activity and enterprise. He insisted on his desire of employing only peaceful means and of acting only within his legal rights. But we shall see, as M. Tardieu so well said, that German policy, if it continues on its present course, will encounter such difficulties that it will not only be unable to solve its problems peacefully, but will create serious conflicts that will threaten the peace of Europe. Dr. Curtius advocated an interpretation of the Versailles Treaty directly contrary to its spirit and text and at the same time urged the revision of the treaty. His interpretation had to do with the problem of disarmament. Germany's object is to set up among all nations a contractual obligation to disarm, in other words, complete equality of rights in this field, interpreting the question of security in the same manner for every nation.

M. Tardieu replied with implacable logic that Germany as the vanquished power and the nation that provoked the War had an absolute obligation to disarm as set forth in the text of the Versailles Treaty, and he further asserted that the maintenance of peace demanded the reduction of national armaments to a degree compatible with the maintenance of national security and with the execution of obligations imposed by common action. In other words, security first and disarmament second. M. Tardieu then enumerated, with the aid of statistics, all the efforts France had made to reduce her military forces. Dr. Curtius replied that Germany would not be the only country that would receive this report skeptically, but he wisely refrained from mentioning Germany's secret armaments. For our part, it will suffice to cite a recent article by Herr von Gerlach in his newspaper, *Welt am Montag*, in the course of which this sincere German journalist drew attention once more to the inflated military budget of Germany,

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amounting to seven hundred and eighty million marks, to the new naval programme, amounting to three hundred million marks, and to the relations between the *Reichswehr* and the Red Army. We might also refer to the statement made by M. Massigli, who quoted from a speech made in Madrid by the German pilot, Zimmermann, of the Junkers airplane, Q-38. This pilot, on presenting his so-called commercial machine to the Spanish authorities, declared that it could be rapidly transformed into a redoubtable instrument of war able to carry five thousand kilogrammes of bombs and drop them on the chief capitals of Europe without coming to earth.

IN SO far as revision is concerned, Dr. Curtius asserts as a principle that the future is determined not by rigid treaties but by the lives of nations. Do not these words evoke the memory of other words, pronounced at the outset of the War by Bethmann-Hollweg, who called the guarantees of Belgian neutrality a scrap of paper and endeavored to justify the invasion of Belgium by the formula that necessity knows no law? And have we not learned from Bülow's reminiscences that Emperor Wilhelm mentioned to King Leopold II the possibility of violating Belgian neutrality and that when the King refused to sign a treaty of alliance with Germany the Emperor threatened that in case of war he would be guided only by strategic considerations?

Treaty revision, by which Dr. Curtius means conquest of national liberty and complete equality on both a moral and material plane, signifies neither more nor less than the liberation of Germany by successive stages from all the charges of the Versailles Treaty and the reëstablishment of her power and pre-war frontiers.

The first step is revision of the Young Plan. Oh, Germany will not go back on her signature, but she has not guaranteed that it will be possible to execute this plan, and the economic position of the German people is such that intolerable charges cannot be laid upon them. But Dr. Curtius takes good care not to mention administrative and military economies that might be made and that Mr. Parker Gilbert's remarkable report declared to be necessary.

Dr. Curtius does, indeed, concede that the evacuation of the Rhineland, the removal of financial control, and the end of military control have been long steps forward on the road to revision. He refuses to embark on new policies of adventure and recognizes that coöperation with France is of the greatest importance to European policy. But one cannot help asking one's self how such coöperation can be reconciled with this grave statement: 'Has it not been for a long time well known throughout the world that the German people refuse to accept the present situation, particularly in the East?'

Are these words an appeal to France to consent to a modification of the Polish Corridor, in other words, to a suppression of the Corridor, to a reëstablishment of Germany in Upper Silesia? In short, is France being asked to abandon Poland and in consequence dislodge the very foundations of the Versailles Treaty? Poland, as the French rampart against Soviet Russia and German militarism, would never consent to such sacrifices. That

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nation of thirty million inhabitants would rise as a single man to defend its rights by force of arms. For France to abandon Poland would be one of the greatest moral and political defeats in our nation's history.

In so far as the Polish Corridor is concerned, Germany, which poses as a champion of national minorities, is hardly able to reconcile her territorial ambitions with the fact that the population of the Polish Corridor is almost exclusively Polish. The Danzig Corridor, now wedged between Germany and East Prussia, belonged to Poland from the Middle Ages up to 1772, with the exception of the period from 1208 to 1466. The population of the eight districts into which it is divided is from 81 to 94 per cent Polish, the inhabitants of the district on the sea coast being 88 per cent Polish. Before the War these territories always sent Polish deputies to the Reichstag.

In the speech M. Zaleski made in Warsaw early in February, he declared categorically that there was no question of revising the frontiers of the Polish Republic and that no discussion of this subject would be entered upon with anybody. In Geneva, on the other hand, the attitude of the German representatives and of Dr. Curtius in particular entirely conformed to the declarations that we have just analyzed.

The position of Dr. Curtius, which once seemed precarious, has been strengthened by the success he won in regard to the Polish elections in Upper Silesia. Nevertheless, the problem of the Polish frontier was not raised and M. Zaleski cleverly promised to take sanctions against the abuses committed during the elections and justly referred to Prussia's traditional policy of destroying its own national minorities.

WHILE the League was in session at Geneva, Chancellor Brüning undertook a journey through Eastern Prussia and Upper Silesia, and we gather that the situation in these provinces was extremely grave. Groups of Hitlerites and public associations like the *Stahlhelm* had become so powerful that the government was quite paralyzed and there were fears of an armed march on Berlin. The real purpose of the ministerial visit seems to have been to dispel this danger. In any event, Brüning was vigorously attacked by extremists of both the left and the right wings. But he kept his head and revealed himself as one of the best statesmen Germany has produced since the Republic was established. He had the courage in a speech made on January 25 in Cologne to say, in the course of a demand for reduction of Young Plan payments, that 'our financial misfortunes do not arise solely from reparations but are largely due to the fact that we imagine that our public and private institutions, in spite of our defeat, ought to be able to maintain themselves better than they did before the War.'

His skillful manœuvres in parliament won him the majority he needed. Voting down dangerous and impossible demands of the extremists, the Reichstag then passed three motions of extreme seriousness, after the National Socialists and the supporters of Hugenberg had made their sensational departure. The first motion demanded the constitution of an international commission to study the origins of the War. The second pro-

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tested against the shortcomings of the victorious nations in relation to their obligations to disarm. The third proclaimed the necessity for an early revision of the Young Plan.

These decisions fully conformed with the speech delivered by Dr. Curtius before the Reichstag on February 11, which was merely a new edition of his speech of November 21, expressed in still more precise and decided terms. He reaffirmed his thesis of equal disarmament, demanded frontier revision, threatened to leave the League of Nations, advocated protection of minorities, and, what is still more serious and particularly interesting to us Alsatians, encouraged the development abroad of what he called *Volkstumgedanke*, which we can translate only as a regionalism that is almost certain to conflict with loyalty to the nation. And to any of our compatriots who may still doubt how serious German pretensions are we need only quote what Minister Treviranus, the *enfant terrible* of the German Cabinet, said on the 15th of February to a meeting of delegates of the Conservative Party: 'The most important thing for us is liberty of armament. Our co-contractors having gone back on their promises, we are justified in demanding equal liberty for ourselves in the sphere of armaments and in taking this liberty. We use the platform of the League of Nations to unmask the lack of sincerity of the present state of affairs for all the world to see. The reduction of reparations is a matter of honor to us, because they are demanded on the false basis of German responsibility for the War. In asserting that we shall no longer support the notorious injustice of the eastern frontier, we possess a vigorous arm of defense against the pretensions of those who want to perpetuate the *status quo* of Versailles.'

Already, in his discourse of November 21, Dr. Curtius had established the fact that the interest of Germany demanded the development of international relations in every direction where they might be profitable, and he insisted on the success that this policy had met with in relation to Soviet Russia. I myself have more than once pointed out the danger that a policy of *rapprochement* between the Reich and the Soviets would represent to the whole of Western civilization, notably to France and likewise to Germany herself.

On January 13, M. Khinchuk, Soviet Ambassador to Berlin, presented his papers to President Hindenburg. He insisted on the importance of maintaining the friendly relations that had been inaugurated between the two countries at Rapallo and the necessity of ever closer economic coöperation. President Hindenburg replied that the Reich would do all it could to support the efforts of the Soviet Government. At the same time the Disarmament Commission at Geneva was witnessing a convergent manœuvre against the French by Count von Bernstorff and Litvinov. Germany joined hands with Italy in order to check Briand's plans for European coöperation and insisted that the Soviet Union be invited at once to participate in the labors of the committee that is planning the European Union. France was reproached with wanting to solidify its hegemony in Europe, and all M. Briand's diplomacy was needed to avoid a break. Nevertheless, France was obliged to permit an invitation to be sent the Soviet Government, which could not

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but humiliate every member of the League of Nations, all of whom have often been treated disdainfully by the Moscow revolutionists. The Soviets were begged by the Secretariat of the League to participate in studying the world economic crisis in so far as it is of interest to the states of Europe, although the Russians are the very ones who, by their dumping and the troubles they are making everywhere, are chiefly responsible for the crisis. After having made all kinds of reservations, they accepted insolently, solely in order to be able to follow the negotiations more easily and to continue at Geneva their rôle of fomenting universal disorder.

Dr. Curtius, that good European, rejoiced in this coöperation, and in his speech on February 11 referred with particular satisfaction to the relations between Germany and Russia, pointing out that the Soviet Government had shown itself prepared in principle to participate in the labors of Geneva. We thus see a responsible German minister seizing the opportunity to cultivate good relations with a revolutionary power and then boasting when his policy is successful.

THE collusion between the *Reichswehr* and the Red Army is no secret to anybody. Poland, the common enemy, is its chief objective. The officers of the German General Staff have developed plans for a Polish campaign, and a journalist who recently returned from a visit to the Polish frontier related that the Bolshevists are preparing to attack Poland and Rumania, which they hope to overwhelm with their new army. They are counting also on French inactivity and on a simultaneous rising of German groups in the western provinces of Poland. Then, after having conquered Poland with the aid of German soldiers and Nationalists, they would pursue their revolutionary schemes by fomenting trouble in Germany with the aid of German Communists, and would finally replace the present German Republic with a Soviet republic.

The preparation for war against Poland is a fact. In an article in *Izvestia* published on the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevist defeat at Warsaw, Karl Radek outlined the great progress that the Red Army has made since that time and asserted that Russia would have every chance of winning a new war. The Polish police is constantly being alarmed by the discovery of Communist plots and has just uncovered two very dangerous organizations that were receiving instructions direct from Moscow.

In attacking Poland, Russia also attacks France, which she considers her worst enemy. The Soviet press was filled with bitter articles against France when the Industrial Party was being tried by the supreme tribunal of the U. S. S. R. in Moscow. The Russian people, who read only the lucubrations of the Soviet press, do not doubt for an instant that all the Russian journals are correct in accusing France of planning military intervention. Revolutionary passions are directed with particular fury against the French Government, which is said to be taking the lead in opposing Soviet dumping.

I have already mentioned the Strasbourg congress and the separatist movement that the Russians are trying to organize in Alsace. In the face of these undeniable facts it is strange,

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to say the least, that our Minister of Foreign Affairs received a protest from the Soviet Government against a manifesto issued by Russian refugees in Paris and that he replied by promising an investigation. This is not the way Litvinov treated our ambassador in Moscow when he brutally refused to receive a written demand that the latter had addressed to him. Indeed, our representative in the Russian capital finds himself in a position not worthy of a country like France, since he is spied upon by his own employees of Russian nationality, whom he can engage only with the consent of the Soviet authorities.

One may well ask what the resumption of relations with Moscow has accomplished except to create in Paris a centre of revolutionary activity that is all the more dangerous because it enjoys diplomatic immunity. The policy we have followed up to now has led us into risks that often threaten the very ends we have in view. German arrogance has been the one reply to our repeated concessions. Russian hatred, revolutionary agitations in France and in our colonies, the loss of Italy's friendship, and the present attempt of Italy to form a group of powers against us, suspicions of imperialism or militarism among friendly or neutral countries who have been worked upon by German or Russian propaganda—these are some of the results of our diplomacy.

WE cannot, in conclusion, insist too much on the Russian peril. M. Ozols, who represented Latvia for six years in Moscow and who knows the Russian situation profoundly, has just issued a moving appeal to Europe urging a solid front against the Soviet Union, without which he fears that the Bolshevists will succeed in undermining the foundations of the political and economic unity of the world and destroying our civilization. The Pope, in the *Osservatore Romano*, has denounced the Red Army as an instrument of Communist militarism and reproached the Russian revolutionaries for wanting to disarm the nations and thus leave them a prey to anarchy.

It is incredible that the League of Nations does not understand its rôle as the protector of world civilization and that it takes an attitude of culpable complacence toward Russia instead of rising up as the champion of all liberty, as the defender of all the material, moral, intellectual, and religious progress that has been made throughout the centuries. Germany is now playing the most dangerous kind of game and a Bolshevist victory would touch her first of all, since she is so infected with Communism that four million voters sent 77 Communist representatives to the Reichstag. German opinion is also troubled and misled by National Socialist propaganda and by Communist activity, although certain groups are beginning to open their eyes to the Bolshevist danger. A League for the Defense of Western Civilization has been established in Berlin, its members being recruited from intellectual and industrial circles and even from the Prussian aristocracy. Certain superior officers seem to recognize that the *Reichswehr* has started down a dangerous path in allying itself in some measure with the Bolsheviks.

Izvestia follows these changes o opinion with interest. It refers to the 'scandalous hopes' of a *rapprochement*

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between France and Germany and draws attention to other indications which seem to show that Germany does not want to play an active rôle in developing good relations with the Soviet Union. But all the while the Wilhelmstrasse and Dr. Curtius remain faithful to their Germano-Russian policy, hoping to exercise pressure on France and make the French understand that big concessions are necessary to detach Germany from Russia.

We should be greatly mistaken in yielding to this pressure, which, if I am rightly informed, is now making itself felt in various quarters of Paris. Coöperation between France and Germany meets the needs of Europe and of the two nations, but especially of Germany. Quite recently Dr. Hirth, a German publicist who specializes in economic questions, made a speech to the Paris Rotary Club which gave a vivid picture of the cruel disappointments that commercial relations between Germany and Russia have already caused among the Germans. The latter have a personal and national interest not only in separating themselves from the Soviet Union but in establishing commercial relations with France, and they therefore have no right to ask France to make new sacrifices in order to put through a policy that is to Germany's own best interests.

Nor must we forget that the more concessions we make to the Germans the more exigent they become. They have esteem only for strong nations, conscious of their own power, and the only policy they understand is *do ut des*. Confronted by German militarism, the Russian revolution, Italian Fascism, and, we must also add, American imperialism, we cannot have absolute faith in agreements and arbitration pacts. If we want to be able to guarantee world peace, which is something that every Frenchman of every party ardently desires, we must be able to defend ourselves. With this end in view France must unite the efforts of all her children and give their material and moral and financial and military forces full scope for development.

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The Jerusalem correspondent of a Viennese newspaper controlled by Jewish capital offers an unflattering interpretation of British and French policy in Palestine and the Near East. Indignation and authority mark his work.

Intrigue in ARABIA

By WOLFGANG WEISL

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

BEIRUT and Damascus, the respective capitals of Greater Lebanon and Syria, witnessed a great sensation the other day when an ex-king suddenly appeared in them. Furthermore, Damascus was the city from which King Feisal, who now rules Irak, had been expelled ten years previously by French bayonets, yet ex-King Ali, the brother of this banished king, was especially invited by M. Ponsot, the French high commissioner, to visit the museums of the city, for ex-kings seem to have a tremendous interest in archæology. In any event, Ali was enthusiastically greeted by the Mohammedan population of Damascus and then returned to Bagdad. Shortly afterward an article appeared in the official press, entitled, 'Perhaps the King . . .' meaning perhaps the King of Syria, the King of to-morrow.

Now this official visit of the ex-King was interesting because it was made at the express invitation of the French. Yet it is only one occurrence among many that have lately been taking place on the Near Eastern political stage. The drama began when a telegram to the outer world announced the death of ex-King Husein, the father of King Feisal, ex-King Ali, and Abdullah, Emir of Transjordania. This news, however, was promptly denied. The truth of the matter was that Husein was very ill and that circumstances obliged him to leave Nicosia, the charming and healthful capital of Cyprus, for Amman, a terrible place on the edge of the desert where his son Abdullah lives. However, Husein actually reached Transjordania, where he recuperated as best he might, received deputations,

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and saw his sons, the ruler of Irak, the ruler of Transjordania, and ex-King Ali, who at that time was considered of no importance. Simultaneously, the Prime Minister of Irak also appeared in Amman, bearing with him a draft treaty for the foundation of an Arabian alliance to include Irak and Transjordania.

That old enemy of the Husein dynasty, the powerful Ibn Saud, at once protested that he would never join such an alliance. But instead of Colonel Lawrence's old plan for an alliance with Nejd and the Hejaz, another and even more effective method of achieving a Pan-Arabian union appeared. By receiving Ali as its *roi possible*, Syria prepared the way for a North Arabian federation of Damascus, Bagdad, and Amman, which would be a forerunner of a great Pan-Arab alliance.

The economic reasons for such an alliance are obvious. England has begun vigorously preparing the way for the Bagdad–Haifa railway, although the negotiations between the English-owned Irak Oil Company and the Bagdad Government have not yet been completed. The construction of a harbor in Haifa, the building of a great many tanks for storing petroleum in the port of Haifa, the survey of a railway from Transjordania to Irak, these are the first steps in the immense task of exploiting the oil of Mosul and of central Mesopotamia. The project includes a railway line across Arabia over six hundred miles long and a still longer pipe line from the Kurdish mountains to the Mediterranean seaboard.

Furthermore, the project must be protected. It must chiefly be protected from the south, from the Bedouin subjects of the Wahabi King, Ibn Saud, who is looking grimly on while incalculable wealth flows through the English corridor from Amman to Bagdad, only a few dozen miles beyond his frontier, but out of his reach unless he wishes to embark on war. Now the railway and the pipe line must be protected against even the possibility of war. In the event of international complications in Europe or Asia, the ambitious commander of the Wahabis must not be in a position to put the six-hundred-mile pipe and railway line out of business.

The safeguards are simple enough. Ibn Saud must not be antagonized, but he must be made to realize that he will have to deal not with single opponents but with an alliance, with the North Arabian alliance. First of all, Irak and the buffer state of El Kuweit on the Persian Gulf were bound together in an alliance, next will come an alliance between Irak and Transjordania and the third step, an alliance with Syria, will follow logically.

FRANCE, therefore, is due to play a decisive part in these discussions, and England is ready to pay a good price for French support. It is as good as certain that England has agreed to permit a second, parallel railway and pipe line to be built from Mosul over French mandated territory to Alexandretta or to the French port of Tripoli. It is also certain that one of England's oft repeated plans has been definitely abandoned. This was to make Syria an Italian mandate.

Now if France also wants to have her own petroleum railway to the

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Mediterranean, she, too, will desire to have the line protected against attacks from the south, so that France also favors a strong bloc of Arabian states. In consequence, a new development has occurred and France will protect her own mandated territory of Syria in the same way in which England protected Irak and Transjordania. This involves installing an Arabian king, renouncing part of the mandated territory, in this case Syria, and setting up one-hundred-per-cent control over the rest of the territory, in other words, the coast line and the harbors. Unless all signs deceive, French policy in Asia Minor will pursue the same course that England has followed in recent years.

But England looks further. Its Arabian policy is not only a fight for petroleum; it is also a fight for the souls of seventy million Indian Mohammedans. The rule of the English lion in India has reached a difficult crisis and England must solidify a future field of influence for herself. This field she is seeking in the world of Islam. Seventy million Indian Mohammedans and their fellow religionists in Malay and the Dutch East Indies must learn to look upon England as the protector of Islam. But this new Anglophile Pan-Islam movement does not have its centre in Mecca, where the irreconcilable Wahabi leader reigns supreme. Nor does Cairo recommend itself to the true believers, since it is too modern and too remote. No, England has found another centre, Jerusalem, the third holy city of Islam, with its holy outermost mosque that Mohammed visited in a dream.

Logically enough, therefore, England has encouraged the Great Mufti of Jerusalem in his contention that the Mohammedans have holy claims upon Jerusalem. In other words, the Wailing Wall dispute possesses political significance. And the delegates who came to Jerusalem from Egypt, Irak, Tunis, and Syria to testify before the League of Nations Commission in the name of Islam and to support the claims of the Mufti to the Wailing Wall have consciously or unconsciously influenced the whole Pan-Islam movement to make Jerusalem its centre. This was the beginning. The next step occurred when England implanted in the Mufti the idea of asking that the body of Mohammed Ali be buried in Jerusalem.

This great Indian advocate of Islam, this great rebel against England, this fanatical Mohammedan who threatened first the British and then the Hindus with holy war, the defender of the Sultan who, under the Sultan's protection, allied himself to Gandhi, was not laid to rest in India nor were his remains sent to Mecca or Medina. Instead he was cremated on Mount Moriah in the mosque on this holy eminence. Everyone familiar with Indian Mohammedans knows what this means. Of the seventy million Mohammedans in India, perhaps ten thousand know about the mosque on Mount Moriah, but all of them knew Mohammed Ali and four-fifths of the Mohammedans in India loved him and honored him for his holy zeal. Since this holy man and patriot lies buried in Jerusalem, it is clear for all to see that the mosque in which he lies is very, very holy, much more holy than anyone suspected before. Jerusalem is thus transformed from a city of Mohammedan pilgrimage to a Mohammedan centre, to the centre of the new Pan-Islam.

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Persons and Personages

Marconi—The Man

By Major F. Yeats-Brown

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

It is a privilege to meet a successful inventor, for one feels that he is about the rarest fish in the ocean of humanity, and also that his achievements—unlike those of actors, authors, financiers, statesmen, explorers—are ungainsayable. Men like Edison and Marconi are more useful to us, I suppose, than any other human beings; the whole course of our lives would have been different if they had not lived, and that is not true of many other individuals, however eminent.

Besides, Marchese Marconi is also an administrator controlling a world-wide business. In Marconi House there is evidence of both these sides of its founder. But when I met the man I had an immediate impression that the mystic in him (all inventors have a dash of that) was at the moment weary of routine—including the routine of answering questions.

'If I had n't been working so hard,' he said, 'I might have been able to give you some ideas on the international aspects of broadcasting; but, as it is, I don't think I can say anything new. I've been at my desk for the last three days.'

I asked him whether he divided his life into two categories, dreams and detail.

'Of course we must all do that,' he agreed, but he would not be drawn into a comparison between his methods of work and those of Mr. Edison. I gathered that the Marchese has no desire to do without food and sleep, and that he likes regular meals and eight hours in bed. Everything about him suggests normality and strength: he has a powerful body, a deep chest, a broad nose seen from the front, and the coloring of a man who leads a healthy, strenuous life. But one sign he has upon his brow that I believe is seen only in poets and mathematicians: a crescent-shaped wrinkle above the eyes. When I noticed that telltale demilune I suggested that he should say something of the psychological effects of wireless. For instance, by bringing cosmic vibrations into everyday life, so to speak, had it not influenced our ideas of God?

'It helps to explain prayer,' he said, 'by making the miraculous possible. With a transmitter about the size of your head, I could send a message to America. Now, the human brain is a far more delicate instru-

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ment than anything made by man, and whether the analogy is sound or not, it is obviously possible that the brain might send messages to a much further distance than any mechanical transmitter. Prayer may one day be proved a scientific reality; it may be an infinitely subtle kind of the vibrations that we now harness to the microphone. But leaving such speculations aside, we are on sure ground when we say that broadcasting touches the most sensitive nerve of civilization. Speech is the distinguishing factor between ourselves and the rest of creation, and wireless is an extension of human speech so vast that its possibilities go altogether out of the range of human thought.'

OF COURSE this led to my asking him whether he considered that he would ever be able to communicate with other worlds, and I received the answer I expected.

'There are no data as yet on which to form an opinion,' he said, 'but if there are beings in the universe in a state of development similar to our own, then there is no reason why they should not receive our messages. You know about the echo of wireless?'

I did not, but listened to an explanation (which I shall not attempt to transcribe), the gist of which was that wireless messages, traveling, as they do, at the rate of a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, have already been sent far enough to reach the moon. This talk of velocities and the Heavyside Layer left me somewhat dumb. Meanwhile, Mr. Max Beerbohm, who is doing some caricatures for the *Spectator* this spring, had been prowling round the room, fixing his keen eyes upon various aspects of the Marchese's profile. He now made some allusion to his restlessness; and our patient (for, indeed, we were like a surgeon and anæsthetist—'Max' with his cruel-kind pencil busy on the back of an envelope, while I lulled the Marchese with talk), after glancing at the clock, replied with a compliment concerning the cartoonist's fame. Obviously his thoughts had returned from the stars to the documents piled neatly on his desk. We had been talking ten minutes.

The rest of my questions related to television, the British Broadcasting Corporation, beam wireless, and the installation that His Holiness the Pope has recently caused to be erected at the Vatican.

'The Vatican station is not ready yet,' he said, 'but when it is it will be listened to by millions throughout Europe. I dare say it will give us some exceptionally good music, as well as regular services of news and views. As regards our experiments with beam wireless, that is a technical matter; we are developing the multiplex system, by which a telephone message as well as two or even three telegraph messages can be sent on

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the same wave length at the same time. The advantage of this is that a greater number of services can be carried on the present number of wave lengths, and, as you know, we must economize in the ether, for the number of wave lengths available is limited.

'You ask about your British Broadcasting Corporation,' he continued. 'Well, I think it is the best broadcasting service in the world. Certainly say that in the *Spectator*. You have the resources and the public to do things in a big way. We have magnificent technical engineers in Italy, but your programmes excel ours, and those of every other nation. I always tune in on Savoy Hill when I am in Rome, or on board the *Elettra*, in order to get the English news. And not the news only. I follow the programmes carefully, in order not to miss any talks on my particular subjects. As to television, of course I am interested, and I have been thinking a good deal about it, but the invention is not yet far enough advanced to be developed on an important scale.'

'Is Signor Mussolini a frequent listener?' I asked, as we walked to the lift.

'I don't know,' said the Marchese, 'but I'll ask him when I see him next.'

The interview had been smooth, but to me baffling. The Marchese Marconi is easy to talk to, but hard to fathom. His reserve is English, his subtlety Italian. He is not accustomed to projecting his personality, as statesmen are. When I saw the Duce, or M. Venizelos, they had said so much so quickly that my head seemed to bulge with their thoughts. This time it had room for more. That was my fault, however, for I am sure that every man and woman—let alone a genius—has exciting things to say when asked the right questions.

Einstein and Tagore

From the *Modern Review*, Calcutta Literary Monthly

This is the authorized version of a conversation that took place between Rabindranath Tagore and Albert Einstein on the nature of reality. It occurred on July 14, 1930, at Einstein's residence in Germany.

Einstein. Do you believe in the Divine as isolated from the world?

Tagore. Not isolated. The infinite personality of man comprehends the universe. There cannot be anything that cannot be subsumed under the human personality, and this proves that the truth of the universe is human truth.

I have taken a scientific fact to explain this. Matter is composed of

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protons and electrons, with gaps between them, but matter may seem to be solid without the links of space that unify the individual electrons and protons. Similarly, humanity is composed of individuals, yet they have their interconnection of human relationships, which give living unity to man's world. The entire universe is linked up with us, as individuals, in a similar manner; it is a human universe.

I have pursued this thought through art, literature, and the religious consciousness of man.

Einstein. There are two different conceptions of the nature of the universe: (1) the world as a unity dependent on humanity; (2) the world as a reality independent of the human factor.

Tagore. When our universe is in harmony with man, the eternal, we know it as truth, we feel it as beauty.

Einstein. This is the purely human conception of the universe.

Tagore. There can be no other conception. This world is a human world—the scientific view of it is the view of the scientific man. Therefore, the world apart from us does not exist; it is a relative world, depending for its reality upon our consciousness. There is a standard of reason and enjoyment that gives it truth, the standard of the eternal man whose experiences are through our experiences.

Einstein. This is a realization of the human entity.

Tagore. Yes, one eternal entity. We have to realize it through our emotions and activities. We realize the supreme man who has no individual limitations through our limitations. Science is concerned with that which is not confined to individuals; it is the impersonal human world of truth. Religion realizes these truths and links them up with our deeper needs; our individual consciousness of truth gains universal significance. Religion applies values to truth, and we know truth as good through our own harmony with it.

Einstein. Truth, then, or beauty, is not independent of man?

Tagore. No.

Einstein. If there were no human beings any more, the Apollo Belvidere would no longer be beautiful?

Tagore. No.

Einstein. I agree with this conception in regard to beauty, but not in regard to truth.

Tagore. Why not? Truth is realized through man.

Einstein. I cannot prove that I am right, but that is my religion.

Tagore. Beauty is found in the ideal of perfect harmony which is in the Universal Being, and truth is the perfect comprehension of the universal mind. We individuals approach truth through our own mistakes and blunders, through our accumulated experiences, through our illumined consciousness. How, otherwise, can we know it?

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Einstein. I cannot prove that scientific truth must be conceived as a truth that is valid independent of humanity; but I believe it firmly. I believe, for instance, that the Pythagorean theorem in geometry states something that is approximately true, independent of the existence of man. In any case, if there is a *reality* independent of man, there is also a truth relative to this reality; and the negation of the first engenders a negation of the existence of the latter.

Tagore. Truth, which is one with the Universal Being, must essentially be human; otherwise, whatever we individuals realize as true can never be called truth, at least the truth which is described as scientific and which can be reached only through the process of logic, in other words, through the medium of human thought. According to Hindu philosophy there is Brahma, the absolute truth, which cannot be conceived by the isolated individual mind or described in words, but can be realized only when the individual merges himself completely in its infinity. But such a truth cannot belong to science. The nature of the truth that we are discussing is an appearance, that is to say, what appears to be true to the human mind and therefore is human may be called *maya* or illusion.

Einstein. So, according to your conception, which may be the Hindu conception, it is not the illusion of the individual but of humanity as a whole.

Tagore. In science we go through the discipline of eliminating the personal limitations of our individual minds and thus reach that comprehension of truth which is in the mind of the universal man.

Einstein. The initial problem is whether truth is independent of our consciousness.

Tagore. What we call truth lies in rational harmony between the subjective and objective aspects of reality, both of which belong to the superpersonal man.

Einstein. Even in our everyday life, we feel compelled to ascribe a reality independent of man to the objects we use. We do this to connect the experiences of our senses in a reasonable way. For instance, if nobody is in this house, yet that table remains where it is.

Tagore. Yes, it remains outside the individual mind, but not outside the universal mind. The table that I perceive is perceptible by the same kind of consciousness that I possess.

Einstein. Our natural point of view in regard to the existence of truth apart from humanity cannot be explained or proved, but it is a belief that nobody is without, not even primitive beings. We attribute to truth a superhuman objectivity; it is indispensable to us, this reality that is independent of our existence and our experience and our mind, though we cannot say what it means.

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Tagore. Science has proved that the table as a solid object is an appearance, and therefore that which the human mind perceives as a table would not exist if that mind were naught. At the same time it must be admitted that the fact that the ultimate physical reality of the table is nothing but a multitude of separate revolving centres of electric force also belongs to the human mind.

In the apprehension of truth there is an eternal conflict between the universal human mind and the same mind confined in the individual. The perpetual process of reconciliation is being carried on in our science, in our philosophy, and in our ethics. In any case, if there be any truth absolutely unrelated to humanity, then for us it is absolutely nonexistent.

It is not difficult to imagine a mind which would conceive of sequence not as spatial, but as temporal, like the sequence of notes in music. Such a mind would have a conception of reality akin to musical reality, in which Pythagorean geometry is meaningless. There is the reality of paper, infinitely different from the reality of literature. For the kind of mind possessed by the moth that eats paper, literature is absolutely nonexistent, yet for man's mind literature has a greater truth value than paper itself. In a similar manner, if there be some truth that has no sensuous or rational relation to the human mind, it will remain as nothing as long as we remain human beings.

Einstein. Then I am more religious than you are!

Tagore. My religion lies in the reconciliation of the superpersonal man, the universal human spirit, with my own individual being. This was the subject of my Hibbert Lectures, which I called 'The Religion of Man.'

Conversation with Colette

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

'I AM awfully glad you have come,' says Colette as she welcomes me into her little apartment on the seventh floor of Claridge's. 'Yes,' and her strange, shortsighted, blue-green eyes look at me almost pleadingly, 'I need someone, for I am terribly scared. I am about to go to Vienna for the first time in my life. My friends, who are crazy about the Austrian capital, have already told me a tremendous lot about it. Count Clauzel, a fine man, is a good friend of mine. . . . But all that cannot console me when I think that I shall have to sit on a platform in a totally strange city, motionless behind a glass of water (you know how frightful it is for me to sit straight and stiff behind a table), and, thus desolate and forlorn on a desert isle, speak of my life and of my personal and artistic experiences. Yet that is what I must do in Vienna. The very thought of

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it makes me so ill that I should like to give up the whole plan. If I could only take my cats along, at least. . . .

'You saw me, of course, at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs, standing on that awful silver bridge. I felt like crying when they turned the spotlights on me, and, despite my age, I nearly broke down like a schoolgirl in the middle of my speech on the subject of long skirts. . . . What do you think would happen if I should frankly tell the Viennese how scared I am of them? Perhaps they would pity me. What do you think? But I can tell you one thing right away. If I am so overcome with fright that I can't say a word, I shall start to sing, though I shall remain seated, motionless, behind the table. Have you never noticed how singing brings people close to each other? Just picture the scene: an old woman, singing childhood songs that she learned many decades ago on blooming French meadows among cowherds and grazing cattle. . . .

'I am not joking; that very thing happened to me here in Paris one night, when I had to lecture and was seized with terrible stage fright. And, do you know, it was an incredible success. Surely you read of it in the papers. But I shall tell you something you don't know, and of which I am uncommonly proud. After that lecture I received an offer from the director of a place of entertainment that was to open shortly to appear every night and sing my little songs unaccompanied. What do you say to that? Please, don't be alarmed, I turned the proposition down. But I was greatly pleased to know that I could earn my living otherwise than by writing. . . .

'For, you see, I don't like to write. I like to live, but I have no ambition. Talent and an inclination to write are two different things. Perhaps I possess literary talent, but I certainly have no inclination. How amazed I am at those people, most of them without any literary gifts, who are always glad to get a chance to write. I have an unconquerable aversion to white paper and suffer the torments of hell when I must sit down before it. I hate writing because it keeps one from living. You see, I have never in my life been to Vienna, and now I am going only for a few days and shall naturally see nothing of the city, for I shall have to write, give lectures, earn my living. But sometime I shall go to Vienna without doing any writing or lecturing. Not in February, to be sure, but in May. I need sun and summer really to see a city. This year, unfortunately, I cannot make any personal travel plans. In the spring I am going on a lecture tour to Algiers and Tunis, and I have long promised the Pasha of Marrakesh that I shall visit him.'

'If you could begin life over again, would you become a writer?'

'Certainly not.'

'Then what would you be? The world's swimming champion? I know you love the water.'

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'No kind of a champion. I have no ambition and don't want to be first in anything. I am never troubled by what others have achieved. What should I like to be? I should like to have a farm surrounded by flowers and animals. I should n't write. Yet it makes no difference. And growing old makes no difference, either. You can't imagine how little it takes to satisfy me. I am never completely unhappy, because I ask so little of life. . . .'

MEANWHILE I survey the room in which we are sitting, and wonder how Colette, who forever lives in a world of romance, manages to turn every room in which she lives, even a hotel room, into a fairy castle. Ostensibly she has changed nothing, yet everything around her lives and breathes. The whole room is filled with an atmosphere of harmony and with the bewildering personality of its mistress. The flowers feel at home and chat with their big painted or embroidered sisters on cushions and sofa. A long-eared bulldog who won first prize at the French Dog Show is lying near the hearth, and two big, silky Siamese cats are sitting on the writing table amid books, manuscripts, and inkwells. These animals, together with the plants and inanimate objects, form a mysterious company that seems to exist in a world of fairy tales. The flowers nod at Colette, the furniture kisses the hem of her skirt, and the cats rub against the hands of the woman who dreams of novels.

'How can you like people so much, when you can understand the language of animals and flowers?'

'I have never thought of that,' says Colette, shrugging her shoulders. 'Perhaps I like people because I see them in moderation. As individuals they are always less repulsive. Then I have bad eyes. I often don't recognize my best friends. But one never need be afraid of strangers. Only good friends can really hurt one.'

But her 'bad eyes' have lovely, great, deep pupils that remind me of the wings of exotic butterflies.

'What are you working on at present?'

'Just now I have a very difficult task ahead of me. When you have gone, I must dress myself up as a great lady. This evening Marchand's newest piece, *Bel Amour*, is having its opening night in the Daunou Theatre, and I am acting. You know Marchand and I wrote the plays adapted from my books, *Chéri* and *La Vagabonde*.'

'Yes, but I want to know what literary work you are doing at present,' I insist.

'I am working on a novel.'

'Its title?'

'I shall write it out for you,' Colette answers enthusiastically. 'You

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can't understand it unless you see it written.' And she begins searching between the cats on the writing table. 'I can't find a piece of paper. That is the result of buying four thousand sheets for my novel. No sensible person buys four thousand sheets of paper. He buys forty and knows where they are.' Finally she writes out the title on a torn piece of hotel paper: '*Ces Plaisirs . . .*' And beneath: '*Ces plaisirs que l'on nomme, a la legère, physiques . . .*' 'It will be a very moral book. Unfortunately the publisher will write on the title page, "A novel." But it will not be a real novel. For none of my works have form. I am incapable of working out a plot beforehand, and I never know what I am going to write the next day or the next hour.'

'How remarkable,' I reply. 'Don't you know beforehand the subject of the novel you are about to write?'

'Yes and no. The truth is I never thought of that. My character, my hero, I know beforehand. I see him, I become friends with him, I guess how he will act in any given situation. Then he virtually creates his own destiny. I know, when I write, that things must happen thus and in no other way.'

'Which of your books do you like the best?'

'None. They cease to interest me as soon as they are finished. It has been a long time since I have read any of my books in print, for they make me sad. Whenever I read one, I discover on every page that the novel has not turned out as I should have liked it to. Moreover, I have never used the same character in more than one novel. For each new book, a new hero.'

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Here are some more of M. Haurigot's entertaining accounts of the personnel of the League of Nations. Also his conclusions as to the effectiveness of the League in preserving world peace.

Echoes from GENEVA

By PAUL HAURIGOT

Translated from *Candide*
Paris Literary and Topical Weekly

MY CHINESE friend in Geneva looked very young behind his pair of square tortoise-shell spectacles. I summoned up my courage and asked him how old he was.

'It is impossible for me to say exactly,' he replied courteously, 'but from what my parents tell me I must be about thirty.'

I then asked him the most embarrassing question possible: 'Do you believe that the League of Nations would be able to say a word in behalf of certain colonies that complain against their mother country?'

I had touched a sore spot and the eyes of my interlocutor lit up. 'Alas, from the legal point of view it is impossible. Questions of this sort are domestic matters involving only individual countries. But it is evident that from a moral point of view the League of Nations should support people who are struggling for their independence, such as the Hindus and the Indo-Chinese.'

'How do you think French colonial methods compare with those of England?'

'Having been brought up in France, I am very fond of the French people, but I cannot always approve of your government's attitude. It has entered Indo-China only to make money.'

'How about the English?'

'The English seem more brutal than you. But remember that young Hindus can travel all over the world, while the young Indo-Chinese can study and live only in Indo-China and France. I believe that in the not remote future colonies will disappear and that the League of Nations will be able to aid in the emancipation of Asia. It will have a great part to play there. I have faith in it.'

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I understood and tried another tack. 'How do you get along with the Japanese?'

'Better at Geneva than anywhere else.'

It was the typical response of a northern Chinese and I explored this ground further. 'Are n't you afraid that the Anglo-Saxon and even the Latin spirit which predominates in the League of Nations will harm Chinese traditions?'

'What do you imagine the Chinese are like? Do you think they wear silk gowns and smoke opium? The English are the ones who love opium. The Chinese are doing their best to get rid of it.' And after a moment of silence he added, 'Come and see.' Leading me to a map, he explained that at home he was a revolutionary, and he endeavored to make me understand the domestic situation in China. So interested did he become that he did not even perceive my departure.

I HAD to apologize to the Latin American whom I interviewed for referring to him as such. He was proud only of being Latin; the term, 'Latin American,' seemed meaningless to him. First of all he quoted to me what Keyserling said on returning from South America: 'All these countries differ from each other more than France differs from Germany.'

The question interested me. 'But,' I asked, 'have not all the recent revolutions in Latin America arisen from identical causes?'

'Certainly not, except that everywhere the president enjoys too much power. All the revolutions, and the next one will soon break out in Chile, have arisen from different causes and aimed at different ends. The Argentine welcomed Yankee financing. Bolivia and Peru revolted against the Yankees. In Brazil it was a purely domestic affair. A series of chances brought about these revolutions, though perhaps, from an economic point of view, they can be considered as results of the War. From a political point of view, however, there is no connection between these various *coups d'état*. The only legacy Spain bequeathed to South America, apart from language, was an extreme form of individualism.'

'Do you look upon the League of Nations as a possible implement by means of which the South Americans can oppose the assaults of the North Americans?'

'I do not fear these assaults. National spirit is as fully developed among us as it was in Poland, which continued to resist German domination after two centuries. It is obviously a paradox that the League of Nations can intervene when a single Bolivian soldier is killed, but can do nothing when millions of citizens massacre each other in Brazil. But, once again, let me remind you that we are individualistic and that these are matters of domestic order.'

'Do you believe that the League of Nations can prevent new wars?'

'Of course, it is a legal code unsupported by police power, but a judicial police exists, though, on the other hand, even vigilant police do not prevent crimes. In short, I do not know. The world is forming itself into a great family, thanks to Geneva.'

'But members of the same family can detest one another.'

'Yes, but not when they live in different houses and have common

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interests. . . . Let me tell you my ideal. It is that through the League of Nations small countries that have always had a more developed spirit of justice will come together and gradually lay down the law to the big powers.'

I FOUND it quite easy to secure an audience with Sir Eric Drummond. But I understood that merely to penetrate his office was not the whole of my task. Sir Eric began speaking in an even voice about dry fly fishing and I had to use every resource to get him off the subject of the comparative excellence of the different trout streams of Europe and bring him around to what interested me most.

'Are you satisfied with the development of your Secretariat? Do you think that it is working in a spirit of sincere international coöperation?'

'I am very satisfied with my collaborators and personnel. They are all doing their best. I arrange my various sections as impartially as possible. For instance, I have always put a Japanese, a Latin American, or a citizen of some other disinterested country at the head of the Minorities Questions Section. For my own part, I consider myself the devoted collaborator of the foreign minister of every country that wishes to consult me. I am the same with all of them.' But after a brief pause Sir Eric added, almost under his breath, 'And it is not always easy.'

'Are you satisfied with the development of the League of Nations? Do you foresee any modification of its activities?'

'It must continue as it is, ready to face all eventualities.'

'Can it prevent war?'

'I believe that it offers an almost certain brake.'

'Almost?'

'That is all I can say. If you wish, I am sure that it can prevent eighty per cent of the wars; in any event, the personal negotiations that are carried on here possess considerable importance. Remember, for instance, that this is the only place where the foreign ministers of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria can come to know each other personally. This has incalculable significance.'

Not only had I already heard nearly all these statements, but Sir Eric Drummond made them in his most official tone, which I could not persuade him to abandon. As I was going out the door I asked one more question. 'What is your opinion on the subject of treaty revision?'

'We must wait. Why discuss a question that is not yet officially raised? In any case, it will not be possible to consider it until all the interested parties request that it be considered.'

'And the European Union?'

'I see no necessity for doing anything outside the League of Nations.'

THOUGH the League of Nations has not yet begun work on its new palace, the International Labor Organization finished its own headquarters some time ago. An imposing, luxurious building situated on the shore of the lake opposite the site of the future League palace, it already seems too small. When I was with Sir Eric, who is a Conservative and a former colleague of Lord Balfour and Lord Grey, I felt that I was in the presence of an executive agent, a

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functionary of high degree, but only a functionary. On the other hand, M. Albert Thomas, who heads the Secretariat of the International Labor Office, has the bearing of a leader. I was told that he can dictate enough in a single night to exhaust three stenographers and keep them occupied for two weeks. This did not surprise me. But I found he also had an artistic, sensuous side, and his beard made him look like a satrap.

M. Albert Thomas evidently has his eye on the building opposite. In any event, he did not hide his criticism, though he spoke good-naturedly, when I told what I had been able to observe in the Secretariat. 'Yes, they always play politics too much. Although one may not have so simple an idea of peace as La Fontaine did, it is none the less possible to imagine that something solid can be built up entirely apart from the equilibrium of the various great countries. The harmony of conflicting interests should be subordinated to the interests of peace.'

'How about the composition of the Secretariat?'

'That's the source of the trouble. Lord Robert Cecil wanted a majority of diplomats installed there. I remember someone once interrupted me when I was explaining my conception of the League of Nations to a public meeting by asking me, "So it will be a kind of Society of Jesus?" Which is just what it ought to be. Instead of equipping ourselves with alert diplomats, we ought to install novices twenty years old and form them in accordance with the true faith.'

'Do you believe that war is possible?'

'That is a very simple matter. I do not believe that great cataclysms recur within an interval of less than forty years; at any rate, that is what history teaches. We must therefore definitely assure peace within these forty years. Fifteen years have passed, and I ask myself whether the League of Nations enjoys greater prestige and power than it did when it was established.'

'I believe you have just returned from Germany. How did you find conditions there?'

'Well, I did n't return a pessimist, though I admit many difficulties. Obviously nothing can be expected from the Reichstag, but Brüning will not go far to the right. A strong government can be based only on the Socialists and the workers' organizations. I met some firm men, Brüning and Otto Braun, for instance. The nomination of Severing as Minister of the Interior and the appointment of a new prefect of police gave Hitler plenty to think about. These men will not permit trouble. Hindenburg is in constant touch with Otto Braun and the *Reichswehr* will certainly remain loyal. There is only one danger, unemployment.'

'What remedies do you see for unemployment?'

'Every remedy must be tried, including forced labor, as in Italy. The forty-hour week can be put into effect. The age of leaving school can be advanced a year and the age of retirement lowered. All this will help diminish the danger, and the Germans are courageously determined to attempt everything.'

M. Albert Thomas's shoulders then executed a rapid little dance and he added these less reassuring words: 'But we must also, alas, reckon with

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fate and the unforeseeable. I often find myself agreeing with the powerful words of Albert Thierry, who said, "Modern man has the merit of having raised problems, but I doubt whether he will solve them." The United States has checked the crisis by strong credit support, but this has not accomplished much. But, to return to the International Labor Organization, we should by international conversations establish a minimum wage for workers all over the world and thereby diminish the competition that can arise from the exploitation of labor. The problem of economic coöperation among nations is very difficult. Unrestricted free trade leads to the same results as undue protection. I believe that we are moving toward a kind of international barter that will be more just.'

M. Albert Thomas continued to insist on the importance of the International Labor Organization, and he made me take my leave by ringing for his chief assistant. Sir Eric, on the other hand, had waited patiently until I took my departure of my own accord. I can imagine no more different men than these two who head the two great international institutions at Geneva.

THE gentleman from Poland at once declared himself as being one hundred per cent in favor of the League, but his manner somehow suggested that he was displaying the politeness that one shows to one's hostess.

'Geneva is an excellent barometer. I can tell from here whether or not my country's foreign policy is correct. Poland will certainly never have to imitate the monkey in the fable.'

'I beg your pardon, but what monkey and what fable?'

'You know, the monkey who suddenly saw his image in the mirror and broke it in a fit of rage.'

'How do you think the League of Nations can make itself most useful?'

'It ought to act as an insurance company for every nation, but I confess that just now it is not performing all the services that have been expected of it. Each country behaves too egotistically and wants to remain neutral in case of danger or in case some catastrophe threatens one of its sister countries. When a plan of international relief was suggested to help Italy at the time of the recent earthquake, the northern countries replied that such a project did not interest them because such cataclysms did not occur in their part of the world, and it is the same story everywhere.'

I then asked the same great question I had put to everybody else: 'Would you be able to prevent war to-morrow?'

I did not receive a very precise reply. 'Poland supports the formula of arbitration, security, and disarmament, but to make this formula effective there must be an eastern Locarno.'

In my final question I brought up a matter of the utmost importance to the Poles: 'How about Article 19 and treaty revision?'

'Only treaties that have lapsed or fallen into desuetude can be revised, and the frontiers laid down by the Treaty of Versailles do not come under this category. In any event, all countries involved in any dispute must be in perfect agreement and must share the same opinions when

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they meet. Whatever people may say, unanimity is essential.'

The Pole, greatly excited, lost all his diplomatic reserve and, seizing an atlas printed in Hamburg, babbled to me, 'Above all, France must not let us down. Germany has not disarmed, and no one seems to care any more. She is always trying to pick a fight with us. Think of it, she obliged the Council to devote a whole session to the case of little Joseph Bach, seven years old, who was not admitted to one of the minority German schools in Upper Silesia. Look at these maps printed by the Germans themselves. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the corridor, the famous Polish Corridor, existed and worked perfectly well.'

A JOURNALIST who succeeded in getting the job that he wanted with the League of Nations spoke to me as follows, 'No one has any business not believing in the League of Nations, since it exists. I believe in the League of Nations as I believe in the Swiss, Swedish, or Finnish Government. We are reproached with creating policies here, but we have to do so because we are dealing with national realities. But what has always been will not always go on existing in the same way. Everything changes. We have seen electric lights take the place of petroleum and oil lamps.

'I am an optimist. It is important to sign treaties, for treaties hold good except during a war. And let us not forget that the violation of the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality turned almost all the world against Germany. To have asserted that treaties have no value would have been the most dangerous thing we could have done in the years preceding the War. Let us not play that game now. There is no war on the horizon at the present moment and if the League of Nations did not exist we should have to invent it.'

A journalist who had failed to obtain the position he wanted with the League of Nations addressed me in quite a different tone. 'I am utterly skeptical as to the benefits of the League of Nations. At certain periods in history a European spirit existed—in the Middle Ages, before the Renaissance, and during the eighteenth century. But to-day the state is the whole thing in Italy and the individual is the whole thing in France. Russia is applying ideas contrary to all of ours. England is utterly different in other respects, and the United States is also a law unto itself. Germany will not admit the *status quo* for an instant and everyone there favors complete treaty revision. I have no belief whatever in the methods that people here in Geneva want to apply. It is dangerous to keep awakening national problems, since they are not always urgent. These people here remind me of savages who start fires by rubbing sticks of wood together.'

OF course, I saw my bosom friend R—— every day and told him about my conversations and my personal observations. Finally, he could contain himself no longer. 'I admit that you are above all in search of an atmosphere. But do you think that you have learned to understand everything because you have gathered some highly contradictory political opinions,

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because you have found people in Geneva as hypocritical and foolish as they are everywhere else? You have visited offices filled with tea cups, others filled with skis, others filled with tennis rackets and phonographs.'

'I am not complaining.'

'Don't interrupt me. And now you have formed your opinion. Well, there are some things you have missed. There is the international unification of serum formulæ, thanks to which we have already saved thousands of lives. There is calendar reform. There is the fight we are waging against leprosy and against opium, in spite of the great interests that oppose us. Thanks to the League, it is finally going to be decided that traffic shall go either to the right or to the left everywhere in the world. Thanks to us, all the customs officials and collectors of indirect taxes in every country communicate directly with each other instead of wasting years using diplomatic channels. We have organized hundreds of economic conferences. I admit that the League of Nations is like a woman, but it is like a woman who works. It is not enough to see her making up, one must also know her when she is dressed and working in her office.'

My friend stopped for want of breath and I took advantage of the opportunity to put a word in.

'I promise to come back. And I beg to excuse myself for having chosen to study the most agreeable aspect of your house, though perhaps it is not the easiest aspect to understand.'

It was on my train journey home that I found the final, perfect comparison to explain the work of the League of Nations. I feel that the League will tend more and more to make the whole world into a big second-class railway carriage, whereas up to now certain nations have traveled first class, others third, and others in freight cars. France is too generous not to wish all the world well, and that is why she is taking an active part in the labors at Geneva. But shall we be able to fight off a feeling of melancholy when we think of the good old days when we used to ride in the parlor car?

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Chile's ambassador to Washington indulges in the rarest of Latin American sports—praising the Yankee. Indeed, he performs so nobly that he leaves the reader with the feeling that relations between the two hemispheres of the New World are not half so bad as the Prince of Wales wishes they were.

South America Looks NORTH

By CARLOS G. DÁVILA

Translated from the *Revista de Economía Argentina*
Buenos Aires Economic Monthly

I SHALL not conceal my deep satisfaction at being given this opportunity to describe in a brief talk the impressions I received in the greatest crucible of culture and civilization of modern times. I am returning from a country where the life forms are moulded and almost mature, to find my own nation in a decisive period of growth. North Americanism is a fact to be judged realistically and dispassionately. The ripe civilizations of Europe have not been able to resist it and it is futile to write books against it since it is not only an economic, but a cultural, reality. North America has not only created methods of production and organization; she has done something more. She has created a way of life. As a famous German professor, Theodor Lüddecke, says, 'We no longer have the privilege of accepting or rejecting American tendencies; they are taking possession of us.'

As I begin discussing the economic ties between the United States and Chile, two questions occur to me that always arise in any analysis of the relations between the United States and the other republics of this hemisphere. I know that both questions are delicate, but you will forgive me if I take the liberty of touching upon them fully. The first question is whether the commercial expansion of the United States, especially in this hemisphere, is of a permanent character.

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This question is related in a general way with the influence of the World War. I had the privilege of lecturing on this subject in 1928 before the National Convention of Foreign Trade of the United States, and my speech was published by the National Foreign Trade Council of that country with a preface written by the chairman of that body, Mr. James Farrell, who is also president of the United States Steel Corporation. This preface said, in part, 'Señor Dávila's demonstration that the notable development of our commerce is due, not to the fortuitous impulses of the War, but to a cycle of growth which has its origin in the powerful normal expansion of American methods of production and distribution corrects a widespread error and we welcome and share the conviction with which he clearly proves this fact.' I shall not repeat here the arguments and statistical data with which I was able to show that the foreign trade of the United States was progressing at least as swiftly before the War as afterward. But I should like to state, in support of this thesis, that the commerce of the United States with Latin America increased 160 per cent in the thirteen years preceding the War, while in the sixteen years that followed it increased only 140 per cent.

The second question concerns the much discussed influence that the commercial expansion of the United States may exert on the political and economic life of the Hispano-American republics. In a word, the delicate problem of imperialism. If American imperialism existed, I should be fighting it with you in the front rank, but, even granting that it did once exist, no vestiges of it remain to-day, so that we can begin to disarm our minds and assume an attitude of analysis rather than of defense. For there are no more numerous and resolute enemies of imperialism anywhere in the world than in the United States. The American public dislikes any mention of conflict, political penetration, or any kind of friction with the other republics in this hemisphere. This is the salient characteristic of American public opinion on international affairs.

MOREOVER, we cannot fail to observe that the United States has absorbed more foreign capital than any country in recorded history. Many of her railroads and industries were owned by foreigners only yesterday, and barely fifty years ago one could hear in the United States the same pessimistic prophecies that we often hear in our own republics, that the country would never free itself from foreign capital. But later, and I believe the same thing will occur in Latin America, the United States came to develop the higher and more worthy conception that invasions of foreign capital do not mean foreign domination. No country can hope to organize production and accumulate capital simultaneously. The second process logically succeeds the first, and their order cannot be reversed. To renounce foreign capital and technique in the first stage of economic development would simply be to renounce the hope of accumulating one's own capital, which in time would permit one to attain true economic independence and even to lend money abroad.

And, in speaking of impediments to trade, I should be lacking in sincerity if I did not refer to the burning question of tariffs. I know that this is not

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very diplomatic, and I also know that the diplomats who have touched upon the subject in public, whether favorably or the reverse, have only brought trouble on their heads. But, happily, I am still enough of a journalist not to worry. The tariff is not, and I hope it will not be for a long time, a real hindrance to our commerce with the United States. Ninety-six per cent of what Chile sells in the United States has been on the free list and will remain exempt of incoming charges under the tariff which has just been passed. On the other hand, 98 per cent of what the United States sells in Chile is subject to duties that fluctuate around twenty per cent.

IT IS probable that people will imagine that the present economic depression of the United States may affect the country's influence in the economic life of the world. I do not believe that this is true. In August 1929 the general business indices were considered seven per cent above normal, the first seven months of that year having witnessed a slightly exaggerated degree of economic prosperity. Nevertheless, a typical American industry, that of the automobile, had been declining since April, the month during which it had reached its maximum monthly production. How much that 'small Detroit cloud' contributed to the October storm in Wall Street, no one can say, but it was, at least, one of the immediate antecedents of this crisis. In my opinion a period of depression after a period of prosperity should be considered as nothing but a week-end of restriction after a week of intense production. And it would be well for us if we accustomed ourselves to consider such events from this point of view in the future.

The present depression marks the end of the sixth cycle of American prosperity, which, like all former cycles, culminated in a crisis. The first prosperity cycle ended with the panic of 1837; the second, with that of 1857; a third panic came in 1893; a fourth in 1907; and a fifth in 1921. Of all these panics, the present one has affected the economy of the nation least, in spite of the fact that it has caused a business depression that will certainly be slow in correcting itself. Prosperity and growth have characterized all six periods, none of which has detained the forward march of the nation's economic life.

This last crisis, moreover, has proven the stability of the present organization of American finance, industry, and commerce, the five preceding occasions having been accompanied by catastrophic breakdowns that have been utterly lacking this time. In respect to finance, this is due largely to the Federal Reserve System. As far as manufacturing is concerned, this stability is explained by the fact that factories are not producing blindly, but adjust themselves perfectly, month by month, to market demand. The crisis has involved an immediate and automatic diminution of production, and no vast accumulation of merchandise had to be liquidated violently.

In the United States it has been estimated that there are seventy-one manual workers in urban centres for every hundred inhabitants. And one must specify 'manual workers' because one cannot speak properly of classes. The manual worker very frequently owns property and holds

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stock in some corporation. Even the capitalist must be newly defined in the United States. American capital has followed the process of accumulation which, in the opinion of Socialists, should bring about its own destruction. In point of fact, however, the accumulation has taken the form of great capitalist enterprises, and in this way the concentration of capital has been automatically transformed into a dispersion of capital. The greatest capitalist nation in the world has thus become transformed into an industrial democracy in which the rigors of capitalism are diminishing while the advantages of an organized economic system are increasing.

Karl Marx's thesis that an 'accumulation of poverty' will be the fatal concomitant of an accumulation of capital assumes that accumulated capital will fall into fewer and fewer hands. But in the United States just the opposite has occurred, and the whole thesis falls down. The so-called 'iron law of wages,' upon which the philosophers of socialism based the necessity of seeking new socialized forms of production, has been broken in the United States in the last few years. As you know, that 'iron law' is founded upon the dogma that workers' salaries can never rise above a mere subsistence level. But in the United States wages have a marked tendency, which the leaders of industry recognize, to exceed this level, and it is even thought that the wage which allows spending for pleasure exercises a beneficial influence on the general prosperity of the country.

While ideas concerning various social doctrines have more weight in classrooms than among the masses, and while we see many of the dearest formulas of socialism being destroyed in the United States, the fundamental objective of socialism, the creation of a nation without social classes, is on the way to being realized. The question of remuneration for work has ceased to be a matter that interests only the worker. The buying power of the country, or rather, the size of the internal market for industry and agriculture, depends upon that remuneration. This is the real foundation of the economic life of a country that consumes 90 per cent of what it produces, and it is easy to imagine what that 90 per cent means, when, with the 10 per cent it exports, the United States leads the world in international trade.

Like higher wages, the leisure hours of the worker have ceased to be merely a matter of social justice in the United States. Leisure is also an economic factor, a creator of internal markets, a promoter of consumption and of the circulation of money. The worker who has abundant leisure time buys an automobile, a radio, uses a telephone, consumes gasoline and power, adds to his wardrobe, buys books, reads the country's 22,600 newspapers and magazines, frequents the 27,000 theatres, and visits the 5,500 libraries, where 140,000,000 volumes await him.

DESTINY has decreed that at an interesting moment in our economic development our interchanges with the United States should be full of promise. Not only do both countries need each other; there are many natural resemblances that draw us together: wealth of soil, the enterprising spirit of our peoples, our solid national structures, and our efficient

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state organizations. We too are suffering from an economic crisis that began over a year ago and that certainly is felt more keenly here, but I am confident that both countries will emerge strengthened rather than crippled. We enjoy, however, one great advantage. The United States has led the way. We can and should profit by her experience and success, but above all we must learn from her mistakes. Great material prosperity has always been the first and essential basis of human culture.

The United States has achieved the condition described above, and for that reason offers the world the finest flowers of an American civilization and the splendor of a new culture. Material well-being has not eliminated the aristocracy; it has not annihilated the individual nor broken down respect for great men. A country that is creating a single social class composed of self-respecting citizens who also respect each other places its trust more than ever in men of intelligence and knowledge. Capital and employers are no longer the masters of industry; it is the technicians who are in charge. Hoover, Edison, Millikan, Ford, and many others command love and respect because they have followed the same paths as Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln.

High production has not been attained at the expense of moral standards. Beneath America's material well-being and optimism, so different from our own social nightmares, intellectual and idealistic forces exist that are, in my opinion, the origin and foundation of the nation's economic grandeur. A great portion of the American people still consider prosperity a gift of God, as it was in the time of the Pilgrims, and failure, they believe, is a divine punishment. Work is a virtue which, like prayer, constitutes a link with the Divinity. Wealth is a means of spreading well-being and happiness among one's fellow creatures, an instrument that God places in the hands of his chosen so that they may realize His good works on this earth.

In 1929, the year of the crisis, American philanthropists gave away the unprecedented sum of more than $2,500,000,000, their annual gifts having fluctuated around $2,000,000,000 a year throughout the preceding decade. To appreciate the size of this figure let me remind you that it is virtually equivalent to the total value of the annual exports of all twenty Latin American republics put together, and that it is more than the annual budget of any nation on the globe, except Great Britain, Russia, and the United States.

I do not believe that American philanthropy arises either from a concept of social solidarity or from kindness. I do not believe that it represents an act of generosity. Rather do I believe that it grows out of the nation's historical, religious, and spiritual structure. It is a kind of fusion of her material prosperity and her collective spiritual reserve. And it is a combination that promises this land of greatness even greater things in the future.

I do not ask my fellow countrymen to base opinions on these remarks of mine. But I do ask them to endeavor to follow their own judgment and not be influenced by an atmosphere and literature that are usually based on past attitudes and conditions, no trace of which remains in the United States to-day.

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The outstanding pamphleteer of the British Labor Party presents four thumb-nail sketches of representative English statesmen. Professor Laski, who writes with inside knowledge, is now lecturing in the United States.

More Political PORTRAITS

By HAROLD LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*
London Official Labor-Party Daily

RAMSAY MACDONALD

MR. MACDONALD is perhaps the most complex personality in contemporary political life. What he knows, he has learned for himself; what he has seen, he has seen with his own eyes. He lives in a remote citadel which the outsider cannot storm. You cannot conquer MacDonald's confidence; you have to win it piece by piece.

But when it is finally won it is difficult to lose. He has the art of keeping his friends. If the premiership came to him a little unexpectedly, no man had trained himself more fully to occupy it. He had been eighteen years in the House of Commons, and, from the start, he was obviously a front-bench man.

Widely read, widely traveled, a popular orator of the first order, a man with an obvious gift of stirring great public emotions, he had lived and dreamed and thought in terms of the first office in the state. He made himself not merely a national but even a world figure with an ease and a grace that betoken extraordinary qualities. No one can be long in his presence without feeling that he has the magnetic art of leadership.

He compels attention. The striking features, the rich tones of his vibrant voice, the quick sensitiveness, a certain wistful hunger for your sympathy, these are characteristics that mark him out for the front rank. He has won his place by sheer personal power; and it is essential for opponents to realize that he holds it unchallengeably. To understand MacDonald, it is necessary to remember the

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many and varied sides of his character and experience. At bottom, he is a deeply religious mystic, who can live by inner communion with himself. He is, too, a lonely person.

Yet few men respond more generously to the impalpable gestures of silent affection. He has never forgotten those who stood by him in the grim years of the War and its aftermath. Then, to his enemies, he was a broken man. His triumph astonished them. But I think not the least of his pleasure in its expression was the opportunity it gave him to remark the fidelity of his friends.

He has not had an easy life; and one sees in him the marks of suffering. This has driven him in upon himself, and it is of the things he feels most deeply that he can talk least. He has a vivid sense of pain; and that, in a way, makes his path the harder, for where he is attacked the wound quickly becomes an ugly one.

There is in him something of the aristocrat. He cannot, like Mr. Lloyd George, take joy in mere contact with a great audience; what moves him is its intellectual response to the measure he has set. He does not, either, attune his personality to that of others without an effort; he lacks altogether Mr. Lloyd George's power to be all things to all men. His tastes—the fine picture, a piece of old furniture, an etching of Cameron—have about them a certain delicate fastidiousness.

A great political reception is an ordeal from which he shrinks. What he cares for is the bookish talk of a few intimates, men like John Morley, or Mr. Birrell; even more, perhaps, he loves the natural peace of the woods round Chequers. He cannot, like John Burns, bathe himself in an endless succession of big meetings, or remain, like Ben Tillett, even after forty years the incarnation of Trafalgar Square. He is always a little aloof, always somewhat near to the point of strain. I should guess that even with his own children the most intimate things have been said in silence.

He has, of course, profound ambition, and he enjoys the exercise of power. But I should have said that these things express in him less the joy in battle for its own sake than joy in the victory that is a way of self-conviction, an attainment of mastery over those inner doubts which he is never quite able to thrust down. That is, I suspect, why he remains inexplicable to men like Mr. Churchill or Mr. Wheatley. They have never suffered from self-examination. They do not know what it is not to be at peace with one's self.

MacDonald has never been able to attain that happy certitude of temper. He is a Socialist, in part, indeed, on grave, philosophic grounds amply considered, but, above all, because he has a profound sense of compassion for the pain of the world. Like all men who choose the middle of the road, there is a certain hesitation in his step.

I have often wondered why men have not seen in him, despite the differences, a remarkable temperamental resemblance to the late Lord Balfour. MacDonald, of course, is positive, where Lord Balfour was the spirit who denies. MacDonald cares for justice, into the nature of which Lord Balfour probably had never the curiosity to examine.

Mr. MacDonald takes life hard; and that, I think, is the secret of most of the difficulties he encounters. He cannot, like Mr. Baldwin, let things

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drift and abide happily by what the morrow may bring forth. His imagination is so vivid and so instant that he conjures up to himself a hundred visions that a simpler nature would not dream of as conceivable. He is too proud to insinuate his personality, too eager not to feel hurt by repulse. The beliefs he has he holds so deeply that it is difficult to persuade him to delegate their care to others.

The result is constant overwork, and the care which is its inevitable child. Because of this, he not seldom offends; but it is my own experience that he offends less by intent than by reserve. His very happiness is tinged with melancholy; his deepest hopes have a background of unconscious fears.

He cares greatly for great things, but he does not know how to tell how greatly he cares. He lives upon the heights he has scaled, and he tends to see his fellows from afar. The passion for the right is there; and it is because of its profundity that he has become the first Socialist Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Lloyd George

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has completed forty years of uninterrupted service in the House of Commons. He has sat continuously for the same seat; and he has never been in jeopardy at an election. No other politician in the last eighty years even approaches that record. Lord Balfour, Lord Oxford, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Bonar Law, to name only men of our own time, have all known the bitterness of overwhelming defeat. Mr. Lloyd George has not only never been in danger; no other statesman of the time has served so large a proportion of it in major office.

He clearly remains a remarkable figure. He is, without question, one of the three best debaters in the House of Commons. In agility, in the power to seize the interruption for his own purpose, above all, with the dangerous weapon of ridicule, he is quite unsurpassed. As a popular orator, there is no one living so capable as he is of adjusting his mind to the audience he addresses. He can move it to his mood with a dexterity for which no other word but genius will serve. But it is clear that the Lloyd George of the post-war period is a different person from the Lloyd George of the Edwardian epoch. The latter was a genuine radical, who saw in the remaking of English social life the key to its regeneration. If, as in the suffrage crisis, he was not always straightforward and reliable, one felt of him that in things like social insurance, the taxation of land values, the fight with the Lords, he had firm hold of certain big principles, and that he cared deeply for them. He was, doubtless, passionately ambitious, a little unduly complex, capable of enjoying an intrigue. But his radicalism was real and pervasive.

The War gave him the opportunity of supreme power, and he grasped at it with both hands. More, when he had got it, he was intoxicated by the exercise of authority. There was no limit of sacrifice he was not prepared to make in order to keep it. Principles and friends were sacrificed effortlessly upon the altar of his ambition. He not only drove Lord Oxford out of office; he put Lord Rothermere in.

He made promises as reckless as his subsequent betrayal of them. From

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the Coupon Election of 1918 until his defeat in 1922 he gave us a government as cynical and as wanton as any in modern English history. They are indefensible years.

And from those years the British people have an image of him that has remained wholly unchanged. Everyone admits his eloquence, his power of improvisation, his uncanny insight into other men's minds, his capacity for sweeping generalization in a time of crisis. But no one quite believes in him. There seems no relation between what he promises and what he performs. There is no permanent-mindedness in him. What he urges to-day is no real index to what he will urge to-morrow.

Even the colleagues who work with him emphasize their reserves about him not less strongly than their admiration for his obviously great powers. The author of the Budget of 1909 repealed the land-valuation scheme. The author of the Treaty with Ireland was responsible for the Black and Tans. The Prime Minister who sponsored the Fisher Act prevented it from going into effective operation. The inspiration of the Liberal Industrial Report took no action to implement such principles when he had supreme authority. The enemy of the House of Lords added more dubious members to its composition than any other prime minister in modern times.

From a man who might have been a great Liberal statesman, he has become the incarnation of doubtful expedients and labyrinthine intrigues. To-day the Labor Government can count on his support; yesterday he was avid for its defeat. No one knows what he will think to-morrow.

One is left with the impression that he will take office on almost any terms. One feels that to sit in a cabinet with him is no assurance of his loyalty. Every pledge he makes, every principle he affirms seems to have relation not to an abiding philosophy of life, but to a shifting situation that has a momentary need.

With all his great gifts, in a word, he seems to lack a doctrine. His expedients are not related to abiding principle; his personal relations are not the expression of permanent trust. He has wrecked a great party for personal ambition; each of the others is dubious and uncomfortable at the prospect of alliance with him.

No one who knows him but is aware of his fascination; but no one finds that his attractiveness creates either colleagues or disciples. It is significant, I think, that there is no first-class man in politics to-day who has grown up under his leadership. The men he brought into office in the Coalition period have lacked either the character or the ability to stay the political course.

It is a big thing to say of any man who has been prime minister that his career has been a tragedy. Yet I think that can be said truly of Mr. Lloyd George. He had unexampled opportunities. Not only did he fail to use them; he left the common man with the sense that he could not be trusted with them again. The electorate might well prefer Mr. Baldwin, who has not half Mr. Lloyd George's ability, to Mr. MacDonald; they would never defeat the latter to place Mr. Lloyd George in power.

What is the root of this widespread popular feeling? Why should a man with great ability, eloquence of a high order, a well-nigh irresistible charm,

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be so widely regarded as unsafe? For a quarter of a century that was not the case. Men spoke of his great courage in the South African War, his passion for social justice in 1909, his demand for democratic government in the struggle with the Lords. All these things are part of our memories. None of them does the people accept as an answer to the contemporary indictment.

It is because men no longer feel that there is a causal relation between his inner self and the principles he avows. They applaud his eloquence and they admire his dexterity. They admit that he is an unsurpassed performer upon the parliamentary stage. But the thought of being governed by him leaves them with a sense of doubt and discomfort.

Mr. Lloyd George has an intense dislike of human misery and an utter contempt for stupid administration. He is a great agitator, with a versatility unequaled since Brougham. But one does not feel that his sentiment will be related to his action, that the thing he thinks right will be given its chance of legislative expression. The truth is that his years as premier gave Mr. Lloyd George the dictatorial disposition, and there is not, as Bagehot said, room for such a temper under the British Constitution. The genius we require is not that of the unfettered improviser, but that of the sincere investigator who can take long-term views about the relation between cause and effect. That is the last rôle for which Mr. Lloyd George is fitted.

Measured by dramatic quality, his forty years in the House of Commons have been a remarkable career. There have been in him at all times the elements of greatness. But greatness without constancy of moral purpose and sincerity in the choice of means rarely attains to permanent success, for it cannot make its ambitions a part of the necessary fabric of ordinary men's lives.

Winston Churchill

MR. CHURCHILL is hardly an English type of politician. He resembles rather the Italian *condottiere* of the fifteenth century, who sold his sword to the highest bidder. At the nadir of Conservative fortunes, he became a Liberal on the issue of free trade, and for ten years he occupied every sort of office a prime minister can bestow. For five years he served Mr. Lloyd George; and in 1924 he became Mr. Baldwin's chancellor.

Of thirty years in Parliament, he has spent twenty in office—a record unexampled in modern times. It has been his singular good fortune always to change his mind at the right moment; and those whom he has come to serve have always regarded him as entitled by his talents to high place. It is not that Mr. Churchill lacks convictions. On the contrary, he abounds in them, and, while he possesses them, he is like a man inhabited by a demon. He has had passionate convictions about free trade, the navy, trade boards, Egypt, Russia, the unfitness of Labor to govern.

By a species of magic, he has always had the type of conviction which, at the moment, was the highroad to office. There has been no insincerity in this. Mr. Churchill talks with a brilliance few men can equal; and the first person he persuades is always himself.

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He is conscious of great powers, and he feels vehemently that they are wasted by disuse. He knows that his vigor and energy and eloquence make him a pivotal man; and the attraction of office for him is so great that, at the decisive moment, he can always persuade himself that, in a broad way, he shares the views of those who are about to assume power.

The secret of Mr. Churchill's strength is his immense vitality and capacity for work. He itches always to do something, to be at the centre of action and decision. He is irritated by leisure and inactivity; he has never been attacked by the disease of disinterested speculation. His physical energy is so abounding that it creates in him a restless unhappiness if he is not at the centre of affairs. He finds something akin to ecstasy in handling a big machine, in making big plans, in pitting his will against opposing forces. Drama and the limelight fascinate him for their own sake, and, in any situation, he gravitates as by instinct to the centre of the stage. Inarticulate or reserved men simply cannot stand before the tide of his irresistible energy. He commands where they would persuade.

He has the great faculty not only of being able to change his mind, but also of being able to hold incompatible opinions at one and the same time. He is a free-trader who accepts safeguarding, an advocate of peace who believes in the big navy, a friend of the working classes to whom low taxation of the rich is the highroad to prosperity. His heart can bleed over Belgium; but he would give short shrift to Egypt. He finds Bolshevik intrigue intolerable, but the subvention of adventurers in Russia he would define as a service to civilization. He reaches his views with astonishing rapidity, and he is never depressed by the need to examine his premises.

Mr. Churchill does nothing badly. His platform speeches have the texture of real literature. He is one of the four best debaters in the House of Commons. In the flamboyant manner, he is an artist of letters, laying on his colors with a gusto and determination that sweep the spectator along. He has something of greatness as an administrator. His presence in an office pricks his officials into activity. He communicates to them his own eager anxiety to do something on the big scale.

In private life he is a superb monologist—he can hold a table spellbound while he plays the prima donna, and there is no limit to the range of his voice. If he has not read deeply, he is widely read, and, on the topics which move him, Napoleon or military strategy or the great dramatic crises of history, he is full of intuitive insight. Whatever he does, he gives the impression of power. Whatever he does, also, conveys the impression of the supreme actor rejoicing in the finish of his art. He can play on the House of Commons like Kreisler on his violin; and the House responds by its grateful recognition of his yearning for its applause. He is supremely attractive, for there is little about which he cannot be enthusiastic; he retains youth's power of universal interest.

But he has also grave defects. He cannot conceive that he is wrong. What he holds for the moment he holds so ardently that he tends to regard opposition as criminal or foolish. He never sits back to take stock of ideas as ideas; he is incapable of

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speculative analysis. There are great ranges of experience into which he does not know how to enter.

For him, the workingman is not an equal citizen, but a suppliant on a deputation's visit to a Department of State. India and Egypt are not nations seeking their soul, but subjects to be administered. Communism is not a philosophy to be understood, but a poison to be suppressed. Economics is not a disciplined science but a series of dodges to fill up the clauses of a budget. He is so ardent to play the game that he has never seriously inquired why the game is being played. The philosophy of politics, for him, is the subject-matter for a peroration; and when he utters it so eloquently it is the applause and not the principle that fascinates him.

Everyone likes him, and no one quite trusts him. Everyone likes him for his vigor and quickness and radiant interest in life. But no one quite trusts him, partly because it is never certain what he will do next and because he is intellectually incapable of second thoughts. He is the guerrilla warrior to whom what matters is not the purpose of victory but the victory itself.

To make mischief in order to win does not seem to him wrong, simply because he cannot conceive that it is ever wrong to win. He fights for the sake of fighting, and the very scent of battle is the perfume of life to him. That is why the older Tories do not trust him. They have, after all, a set system of dogmas, and they believe in them. But they feel intuitively that, for Mr. Churchill, those dogmas are merely one battle cry among many, and that he would take up another if its utterance meant victory.

He will never lead them because he thinks too fast and too frequently for them to feel comfortable in his presence. They will take the rewards of his strategic brilliance, but they will reserve the crown for those fashioned in their own image. Mr. Churchill has unsurpassed audacity, and that is the secret of the fascination he exerts over the public mind. But that is also the reason why he will never reach the supreme place.

He has the gambler's temper, and would risk all upon a throw. He can not weigh things in the balance, or hasten slowly, or think out afresh the principles of life. Everything he sees as black or white. He is never patient or wise or discreet. He will always be admired, but he will never command that ultimate reverence which is the final reward of statesmanship. He will always count greatly, but he will never count first.

That ability to be the best mind of those who follow him—the quality that Washington and Lincoln made the essential virtue of statesmanship in a democracy—has never been his. His ambition has been high, and he has served it superbly; but he has never turned by the wayside to offer sacrifice upon the altar of truth.

Lord Irwin

FEW MEN whom we have sent out to India as viceroys have emerged from that great test with enhanced reputation. They have shown strength of will, determination, subtlety. Those who have, in recent years, won the confidence of Indians themselves are excessively rare.

Lord Irwin is certainly among that number. Even Indians who do not

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agree with his policy salute in him a friend of India. They recognize in him a man whose good will is, even from their own angle, unchallengeable. He has shown courage, insight, imagination. He has not been bound by the conventions of a dead past. He has seen the moral aspect of the Indian problem. He has cared for something more than the preservation of order. He has sought to retain the loyalty of India in its ultimate terms.

What distinguishes Lord Irwin from the mass of his fellow Tories is a certain genius of moral insight. You cannot be with him an hour without a sense of its authority. You know at once that he has not merely the great gift of utter sincerity. The ideal of fair play really means something to him. If he cannot enter into the mind of his fellows, he would rather not rule over them.

He has nothing of Lord Curzon's love for the panoply of power. He does not, like Lord Reading, love the subtleties of authority for their own sake. He has the great virtue of inherent simplicity. He really does regard himself as the servant of those over whom he rules. He went to India as the nominee of a Tory Government. He went there at a time when nothing would have been more obvious or more popular with his own party than the strong hand. Lord Birkenhead's manner of appointing the Simon Commission had already shown that contempt for Indian political opinion that is the root of modern nationalism there. An unwise viceroy could easily have provoked a new mutiny by governing in the Birkenhead temper.

The success of Lord Irwin is measured by the fact that, despite an unrest more vehement than ever before, he has consistently pursued a policy of conciliation. It is shown even more by the volume of good will that surrounds him. Whether those concerned are Mahatma Gandhi and the Nehrus, or Mr. Sastri and Mr. Jinnah, they do not doubt his love for India, his sympathy for its aspirations, his zeal for its advance.

It is not too much to say that he is the one viceroy in the last generation who will leave India with the genuine affection of the whole people. What is the secret of that affection? Its root is, I think, that he has displayed a power of intimate insight into the roots of the Nationalist movement such as none of his predecessors has shown. He has treated Indians as his colleagues. He has not manifested toward them that 'superiority complex' that has wrought such mischief in India. He has fully realized—and he is the first viceroy to have realized—the strength and seriousness of the Nationalist movement. He has not been hampered by the dignity of his office. He has not taken advantage of the opportunity for aloofness that it offers. Men have felt that he was in India not merely to maintain there the strength of British prestige, but deliberately to aid India in its march to self-government.

I do not judge him merely by the affectionate reverence in which Indian politicians hold him. If you meet a civil servant from India who shows imagination and wisdom about its problems, you will find, almost invariably, that he is an enthusiast for Lord Irwin. Those who attack him are the men who think of General Dyer as the savior of India, and Amritsar as the classical technique. Those who appreciate his work are the

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men who want to coöperate with India in helping her to that freedom without which there can be no national self-respect.

Critics of Lord Irwin say that he is weak; but men who love the sword always speak of the conciliator as weak. What, above all, moves me in the five years of his rule is his growth in moral stature, his constant advance in outlook, the breadth of his sympathies, his unchallengeable hold even over those who reject his policy.

There are abler men than he—Mr. Churchill, for example, or Sir John Simon. But no man we could send to India save, perhaps, Lord Sankey, has that indefinable quality I can only call moral genius that Lord Irwin possesses. Every man who works with him finds his self-respect increased to the degree that he respects Lord Irwin. Every opponent is a little uneasy when he differs from him. Every colleague finds a special inspiration in the selfless devotion Lord Irwin brings to his work.

He has the best qualities of the Englishman. Duty is a religion to him. He will do the right as he sees the right without being deflected from it. He is not interested in glory or power or ambition. He is not thinking of how best to manipulate a complex position to his own best advantage. He is not one whit influenced by what his Indian achievement will do for his own political future. He thinks first and last of returning from India with a record of which his conscience will not be ashamed. Of how many viceroys since Lord Ripon can we say this?

When Mr. MacDonald said that Lord Irwin would be numbered among the greatest of the viceroys he did not exaggerate one iota; his appointment, indeed, is the main achievement for which Mr. Baldwin is entitled to credit. And he is a great viceroy because he has made the characteristics of his work simplicity and not pomp, insight and not aloofness, generosity and not authority.

He has not been in India as an Englishman among Indians, but as a man among men. His years have been difficult years. He has not always had, particularly from England, the help he might have expected. He has not been able to accomplish all that he hoped. But he has shown that a man who is prepared to deal with India upon a basis of equal fellowship can evoke from its citizens new prospects and new hopes.

If India remains in the Commonwealth of British peoples, it is to the genius of his character more than any other single factor that we shall owe it. And the more universal we can make his temper among Englishmen who serve the Indian people the better will be the prospects for peace there in the years to come.

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Jean Cocteau stands for all that is most bizarre in modern French literature and this analysis of his personality constitutes a significant indictment of the spirit of present-day France.

Lament *for* COCTEAU

By André Rousseaux

Translated from *Le Correspondant*
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ALTHOUGH the intellectual cult to which most of our contemporaries subscribe usually includes a certain amount of reserve and good taste, this same cult has led M. Jean Cocteau to search insistently for everything that might sustain, encourage, and nourish his personal reputation. Every one with a feeling for the nobility of the literary art ordinarily endeavors to disengage each book he reads from the circumstances that connect it with the banalities of real life but of course there is nothing banal about M. Cocteau's existence and everything he says or does is literary material, just as literature is always present in his day-to-day activities.

It is difficult to think of any of his books without having our minds at once encumbered with all the autographs that accompanied them, the flyleafs covered with protestations of friendship, affection, and confidence, as well as the letters, postcards, and dispatches in which the word 'friend' was written in a little, round, affectionate hand or in which his Christian name, Jean, was surrounded by a five-pointed star whose symbolism I have never quite understood. M. Jean Cocteau's intimacies have been restricted only by the size of his address book, which makes it difficult independently to criticize his work and to search for the quality of his mind and talent. There are some writers whose secrets one despairs of discovering because they hide behind a shy reserve. M. Cocteau is more generous and extends his ego with overwhelming charity. Apparently he cannot go on living unless he projects in every direction various antennæ and tentacles whose tips are always awake with lively sensibility. This

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If the felicity to be gained from human relations escaped him there remained, beyond the human shape, certain friendships and forces which his maimed nature did not renounce. He therefore decided to lay himself open to cosmic, even supernatural powers, using the same gestures that had solicited human sympathy, and hoping for the same kind of comfort. It was with these sentiments that Cocteau experimented with the virtues of opium and of the high mass. Nor does this mean that I am interpreting his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith sacrilegiously, for did not he himself write that he took communion as one takes an aspirin tablet? But aspirin has a calming effect and an aphrodisiac was what M. Cocteau wanted. None the less the fecundation process occurred and his book on opium and his *Letter to Jacques Maritain* were the fruits.

Cocteau lays great store by the poetic element in his spirit and to hear him talk one would think that his whole work was nothing but poetry, poetry of the theatre, of the novel, of criticism, and even graphic poetry when he is doing sketches. The fact is, however, that his vocabulary resembles the mantle of Orpheus and conceals his lack of capacity even from his own eyes. His intellectual resources, the only ones that he has, reveal themselves in his acute perceptions, which are often penetrating and true, but this cerebral intuition, undernourished by a lack of human material, is too weak not to break down in contact with certain realities. This was clearly revealed when he attempted to play the rôle of critic and began passing judgment. A whole generation of artists was led astray, and I am referring to that school of musicians who at one time idolized intellectual values. M. Jean Cocteau hailed with drunken delight the idea that an art could receive all its strength and laws from intelligence alone.

With more and more brilliant catchwords he excited his musical friends to spiritualize themselves, as if they could not feel any ill effects no matter how far they went in that direction. And his encouragements were obeyed all too soon. The music that the magician Cocteau evoked was nothing but an artistic skeleton. If M. Cocteau had been able to attempt a creative act in some field of his own we should have witnessed the birth of pure phantoms.

Indeed, I myself saw just such a terrifying spectacle the one day I met M. Cocteau. In the middle of his room we saw hung from the ceiling a head that he had made of brass wire. One's gaze went right through this aërial sculpture and one could see its whole structure revealed. When the head turned on the end of its wire the illusion was complete. It resembled a piece of transparent marble, devoid of material substance. At rest, it looked profound and three-dimensional.

But Cocteau did not invent this any more than he invented any of the other things he has made. The idea was borrowed from Picasso. Yet this head of wire bore a certain troubling resemblance to M. Cocteau's nature, as so many other things do in which his own mind has taken shape. He saw a representation of himself in this cephalic, unsubstantial object, which expressed the kind of poetry that he believed in and adored. In his eyes indeed it was poetry itself

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attitude is not only a method of behavior; it also reveals to us a profound truth about M. Cocteau himself. He is a genius content to float on the waters of life wherever the current bears him, ever ready to fasten where he may.

Other critics have made the same point, but not always with perfect precision. Cocteau has been compared to a drum major marching behind the regiment that he should be leading. He has also been described as a 'collection of reflections.' These two comparisons are unjust in so far as they suggest that M. Cocteau is a passive creature with no more capacity for original activity than a mirror or a marionette. They fail to recognize that nature is multiple and that it not only animates the creative temperament of the male but also lives in female creatures who are able to create from the moment they have been impregnated.

If we stick to the image of the marching regiment, we can say that a female spirit inhabits M. Cocteau comparable to that of a young girl who walks beside the troops and who keeps running affectionately between their ranks. The soul of the army she follows dwells in her nerve centres. She is drawn toward the objective toward which the men are advancing just as much as they are and often she has a clear vision of it before the rest of them fully perceive it. Yet she is nothing but the reflection of their action and their will.

In like manner M. Jean Cocteau has produced deceptive replicas of Edmond Rostand and Robert de Montesquiou, of the Countess de Noailles and Guillaume Apollinaire, of Picasso, Stravinski, and Henry Bataille. Every time that some artist produced a new creation M. Cocteau's muse was ready to receive its germ and to add several illegitimate children to the legitimate family of his lover. And all this time M. Cocteau believed that he himself was a creator.

This illusion became more powerful as M. Cocteau began meeting young men who praised him all the more because they resembled him somewhat. He was like an old woman in love with a young man, an old woman who tries to make room in her bewildered heart for the sentiments of both the wife and mother. Only, in M. Cocteau's case, he cultivated a strange mixture of paternal love and virile power. He made the work of his friends his own. He had all the pride and susceptibility of an original author in presenting them to the public and submitting them to criticism. If M. Cocteau was ever a poet it was at these moments, but he was a poet of friendship who expended in advertising and propaganda the ardent power that his literary genius lacked.

BETWEEN these exciting liaisons he had to go on living, and the life of a great lover cannot be content with passing distractions. Aid and support were necessary and became more so as his loves grew more violent and more short-lived. Thus if one of M. Cocteau's intimate friends suddenly defaulted, he felt as empty as a drained wine bottle. And his distress grew as he came to feel how fragile and ephemeral is the support that one man receives from another if nature is not at hand to bind and soften the bonds of this union and to perpetuate its fruits.

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and seemed to reveal the secret connections between the material and the invisible. For my part, my anxiety in seeing how moved M. Cocteau was by this empty head kept on increasing, since the head looked exactly like a terrible representation of nothingness. When night came a lamp was lit, and this added the final touch to my confusion, for an astonishing shadow was thrown on the wall, almost the opposite of a shadow since a shadow is a flat silhouette, a dead image of the person who throws it, whereas the shadow we looked at seemed animated and deep. And still the aërial head kept turning round, watching its double on the wall like a piece of living geometry.

Living? No. My duped senses suddenly came to themselves and I realized that I had strayed into a world where inertia had taken on the false aspect of movement, where emptiness had become matter and inexistence life. A world where the thing itself existed only in the shadow, a world where shadows were the only things that could bring intelligence into being, in the fire of solitary exaltation.

IF M. Cocteau's genius had brought forth nothing but shadows, his creations would indeed correspond to his natural capacities. But such work would never have seduced the general public, which does not expect art to express death. In order to give pleasure one must at least imitate life, and M. Cocteau's work is composed of imitative tricks. First of all, as I have said, M. Cocteau learned his lessons from marked creators, the Countess de Noailles and Guillaume Apollinaire. He also followed the course of those poets who concealed their poverty of inspiration by artificial intellectual tricks. At the start of his career M. Cocteau 'did' Edmond Rostand and he never has stopped, fundamentally, being a kind of Rostand, preferring, however, the salon to the theatre. But though preciousness may vary its aspects it always consists essentially of a lack of spirit. It offers a kind of refuge in the form of verbalism to those who lack the powers of life.

In writing *Les Enfants terribles* Cocteau produced the kind of novel that had its predetermined place in his poetical programme. It is a poetic novel, a work of love and sensibility that transports its reader halfway between dreams and real life. The characters have extremely young hearts, for it is during the confused period of adolescence that nature and chaos form their most disturbing mixture. No one could conceive more intensely than M. Cocteau the uncertain imaginings of adolescence. All childhoods are terrible in the sense that they conceal an unknown future. A crushing weight of mystery dwells in them. If adolescents were endowed with the artistic ability to express that which is happening inside them, we should have poems depicting the birth of the world in the human heart. But at the time these interior changes are occurring young people are only able to babble and learn, and, if by some exception an adolescent temperament lives on into an adult body, its talent is too old. M. Jean Cocteau may well turn out to be a kind of baby Byron with the pen of a man of forty.

His recollections of childhood do not have the ingenuous power of real memories. They are cultivated by an

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intelligence that seeks to animate them, a consciousness that has had too much experience. Games that might once have been innocent possess a stale, even acid kind of innocence when they are refashioned intellectually. One cannot create the character of an angel without running the risk of making it resemble an animal, just as one cannot create the character of a child without running the risk of fertilizing it, through the corruption of the mind, with those impure germs that Freud, like all the great moralists, has told us dwell in the most naïve natures. The life-giving breath of poetry can waft perfumes from the paradise of childhood to scent the whole universe. But an intelligence skilled only in masking the weaknesses of an ill-rounded nature can compose only the worst kind of artistic creation. This applies particularly to M. Cocteau's unhappy genius, even when one imagines that a certain conformity between his own nature and the object he is describing will enable him to create a masterpiece. He seems to be caught in a vicious circle, or, one should rather say, an infernal circle. Armed with a sharp and supple intelligence, he endeavors to live a complete life supported only by this incomplete and fragile instrument.

BUT let us not go too far and add still more to the load of congenital damnation that hangs over one unfortunate spirit. The world of men offers our various capacities various fields of action, depending on our equilibrium or lack of it. Our intelligence, which remains our foremost faculty, has plenty of subjects to attack without having cause to suffer because the domain of poetry is closed to it. Yet M. Cocteau's mind, at its wit's end, redoubles its efforts to accomplish a task for which it is not made. It struggles to assume various poses that might permit it to approach the desired object but it lacks genuine feeling and has only cerebral ingeniousness. It does not turn into a butterfly or a bird, but wears feathers, old clothes, disguises. It tries to achieve by nervous means a form of life whose profound depths remain foreign to it. Poetry it does not regard as a mystical perception of the secret places of the human soul but as an ill-suited marriage of intelligence and the most superficial kind of sensibility. It all occurs on the level of the nerves, on the surface of life.

Thus an intelligence that once possessed a fine preciousness and a lovely subtlety finds itself lost and disgraced. Already the tinsel is falling about the feet of the acrobat who has performed all his tricks. The mind that thought it could discover what makes the world go round merely skimmed the surface. It sought to participate in what makes men act and move, but it only laid hold on what is corruptible and decayed. The snake that passes over the road where the sun is shining leaves only his dry skin, which is soon blown to dust by the wind. And we who know that a mind was engaged in this mad enterprise feel great pity for the human head, not empty like the head of wire but filled with a brain of phosphorus, that has rolled like a blind ball down lost highways.

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BOOKS ABROAD

SOUVENIRS. *By Mme. Georgette Leblanc. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1931.*

(Gabriel Marcel in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

THE SAD reminiscences that Mme. Georgette Leblanc has just published represent a human document of extreme interest, and a document most difficult to interpret. Of course, if one were not posted on literary morals one would be astonished that Mme. Leblanc has ventured to publish such a book while she is alive, since it runs the risk of stimulating polemics.

The narrative begins when the author first met Maurice Maeterlinck in Brussels at the house of Edmond Picard in 1895. This meeting had been premeditated ever since the time long ago when Mme. Leblanc had read Maeterlinck's introduction to Emerson's *Essays*, for she felt a kind of veneration for the author of *La Princesse Maleine*. 'How fortunate he is young!' she exclaimed on first seeing him, for people had tried to mystify her by declaring that he was old. At once a real intimacy was established between them. He confessed that he always had several mistresses at once, and that he considered happiness to reside in the pursuit of pleasure and in a good constitution. 'I felt that a great fear existed, the fear of a reality that could not equal his imagination. And I dreamed of offering him love and happiness.'

At this period in her life the author was a young singer whose experience was equaled only by her spiritual ardor. As for Maeterlinck, he was a two-faced character, as she was not slow in recognizing. He had a literary side that was enchanted by mystic phraseology, but he was also a robust, sanguine human being extremely preoccupied with comfort and good living. Mme. Leblanc admits with a good faith and humility that are not without a certain disdain that this second character did not always praise her efforts and that she was, all in all, a very poor housekeeper. And this was the origin of many quarrels whose importance should not be underestimated. But for a while Maeterlinck and the woman who adored him continued to live separately. They had marvelous talks together, went into raptures over the same books, and wrote each other imperishable letters, of which they no doubt both kept careful copies. Mme. Georgette Leblanc recaptures with admirable skill the ultraliterary atmosphere in which this strange liaison developed, a liaison that at first seemed to be quite Platonic. She also recognizes quite clearly how much insupportable artifice there was about it.

'If there is one thing that irritates me about the affair, it was the excess of literature that infested the period when our love was born. It was the Symbolist period, when everything was simulated and falsified. Even the simplest things were embellished, surrounded with an air of artificial mystery, complicated by absurd significances that made one lose sight of their real import. People would have seen profound meanings in a vacuum cleaner.'

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But from time to time they saw things quite clearly. 'Sometimes,' Maeterlinck wrote in 1897, 'I ask myself whether I shall ever love, know, admire you completely until the day when I shall lose you.' When he praises his ladylove he loses all restraint. Nothing is more significant than the chapter of *Le Trésor des humbles* entitled *The Silent Conflict*, in which we see the first clouds gathering. Maeterlinck often quoted from the letters of his *alter ego* in his writings and Mme. Leblanc finally felt the need of questioning him. 'Why, when you quote me in *Le Trésor des humbles*, do you always say, "An old philosopher said to me," "I do not know what wise man remarked," or else just use quotation marks with no name attached?' He raised his head in astonishment. 'But to call you by name would be ridiculous. You belong to the theatre. You are a singer. No one would believe me. It would be absurd.' After these discussions, whose details are worthy of the best humorists, Maeterlinck agreed to place in the front of *La Sagesse et la Destinée* a dedication which, while doing justice to Mme. Georgette Leblanc, only associated her with the work in a quite ideal fashion. Furthermore, this dedication unfortunately dropped out of the 1926 edition.

IT would be a great mistake to regard all this as merely a comedy of *amour propre*. It is the eternal and insoluble drama of love and personality. And there are certain passages of acute pathos. 'From the way he entered the dining room after working I knew exactly what he was going to say. He would hold his pipe differently, put it down differently on the mantelpiece or the table, and with a bored air would say that he had not been able to write a line. In spite of myself I was always taken in. I would ask him questions and my anxiety would remain until he would finally reveal to me with a sulky air the real reason for his preoccupation, and, whether the "cause" was a blonde or a brunette, whether her eyes were brown or blue, there was only one way to free his spirit. "She shall be invited to tea." To which he would add, negligently, "And I shall take her home."'

In 1911 Maeterlinck made the acquaintance of Mlle. R——, who was to become his wife eight years later. It is hard to understand what scruple keeps the author from revealing the name that this initial represents. Mlle. R——, who was a young girl from Nice, the daughter of a wine merchant, made a modest début in *The Blue Bird*. She was called the 'Silver Tassel' because she wore a toque ornamented with a great silver tassel that kept bouncing between her neck and the end of her nose. She succeeded in bringing some distraction to the poet, who was greatly affected by the death of his mother and who was told by his doctor to enjoy himself a little. Mme. Georgette Leblanc does not go into the *dénouement* of the drama in detail, and the reason she gives is that the real explanation lies beyond the mediocre facts of the case; what happened was a 'breaking of the shell of a life that had long been compressed by its own ideals and that exploded before it became aware of itself.' It is curious to watch how Mme. Leblanc at this point of her story indulges in a piece of conscience-searching, in the course of which she

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admits that during the whole first part of her life she lived 'against instincts, I might even say against life.'

A new and very powerful sentiment then entered the heart of the narrator. She struggled not to give way, to remain faithful to the great love whose permanency she often affirmed. It was a lamentable period of agony, and the outcome was all too certain. One day she received from Maeterlinck the news of their complete break, and a little while later she learned that he had married. It was at this moment that he invited her to resume their life together. She refused, and how can anyone fail to admit that she was right. What an indignity that *ménage à trois* would have been!

Will Maeterlinck consider it opportune to reply to this book, which for all its apparent moderation makes a very strong case? I believe we should hope that he has the courage to abstain. One cannot see how he can bring forward any valuable evidence in his own behalf, and one cannot help asking, moreover, whether the increasing feebleness of his recent work is not explained, at least in part, by his break with the generous, imprudent creature who showed him a faithful reflection of himself, not as he was in fact but as he wanted to be, and as at rare and supreme moments he almost became.

THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT. *By Sylvia Pankhurst. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. 21s.*

(Winifred Holtby in the *Sunday Times*, London)

MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST'S book is not what it sets out to be, but it is one of the most fascinating human documents I have ever read. People who care nothing for the feminist movement, who are not interested in politics, and who find little to admire in the post-war activities of the Pankhurst family, can nevertheless be held enthralled by this account of men and women, dragged by emotions, hopes, jealousies, fears, and indignations into one of the strangest and most spectacular conflicts that have ever disturbed the complacency of respectable citizens in this country.

Miss Pankhurst is not impartial. It is doubtful whether the active participants in any such struggle can ever look back upon it with detachment. Every episode is too closely entangled with personal relationships. Old wounds reopen; old indignations inflame; even to people far less intimately identified with the movement than a member of the Pankhurst family it seems difficult, even now, to speak of the tactics of the Women's Social and Political Union, the breach with the Labor movement, the attitude of the Liberal Government, the rivalry of the different suffrage societies with tranquillity. Its true history remains to be written. Hitherto its chroniclers have each been influenced by the part they played in it. Dame Millicent Fawcett and Mrs. Ray Strachey saw it mainly as a constitutional struggle; Mrs. Pankhurst, in *My Own Story*, and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst see it as a militant crusade.

Miss Pankhurst rightly begins her story with her father's work in Manchester; she shows us Dr. Pankhurst, red-bearded, chivalrous, excitable, addressing the Arts Club on Greek drama, pleading for law reform, for municipal progress, educational development, religious tolerance, land

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nationalization, one of those all-round reformers and enthusiasts who criticize almost everything that is English, and whom only England can produce. She shows us Emmeline Goulden; pretty, enthusiastic, fastidious, learning in Paris the way to wear her clothes and the way to hate the Germans, falling in love with Dr. Pankhurst's oratory, fired by admiration of Mary Wollstonecraft, and only with difficulty persuaded to accept the convention of marriage, weeping because the buttons on her brown wedding dress were unbecoming, joining her husband's work, electioneering, agitating, organizing, nursing the infant I.L.P. with as much enthusiasm as she nursed her own small children; defying the law by holding meetings in Boggart Hole Clough; coming to London and keeping open house on inadequate means, starting abortive businesses, running arty shops, explosive with vitality, radiant with charm.

She shows us the children: Christabel, pink and white, pretty, self-confident, her mother's certain favorite, drawn all through the book with an unconscious malice that is clearly intended to be charitable; Sylvia, puffing behind Christabel on inferior bicycles, giving up her art classes for Christabel's sake, assuring herself with needless reiteration that she was not jealous of Christabel, longing to be an artist, unhappy, compassionate, heroic, intolerant, romantic and dour, always a little the victim of circumstance, doomed throughout her life to suffer deeply; Adela, younger and more volatile; the boys, shadowed from the beginning by the tragedy of their early death. What a family! Half-educated in schools, yet precociously alive to movements and causes, they imbibed the milk of propaganda in their nursery. 'Families that remain on unruffled terms,' wrote Sylvia of their later divisions, 'though their members are in opposing political parties, take their politics less keenly to heart than we Pankhursts.' 'We Pankhursts' were doomed from their cradles to disunion, even at the moment of their greatest united fame.

The drama of secret conflict in the nursery between the domineering Christabel and the victim Sylvia was to repeat itself in later life, and develop into something far more significant than a personal quarrel—which, indeed, it hardly became. When the suffrage agitation was at its height the two sisters typified the two types of worker for the movement; Christabel, with undivided mind, absolutely sure of her methods and her objective, withdrawing to Paris that she might be safe from imprisonment to direct the policy of her organization, concentrating upon Conservative support, utterly ruthless in discarding old friends and old alliances, and, when the War broke out, discarding even the cause itself for which she had stood as the controlling brain and symbolic figure; Sylvia, torn perpetually between politics and art, dragging herself away again and again from her pictures to agitation and the prison, living among the women of the East End, goaded by pity and hatred and shame of immunity into self-imposed suffering that is still terrible to read of, scornful of her sister's policy of cold detachment, which, nevertheless, was probably the decisive influence in the winning of their joint objective.

The militant movement was not an

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isolated phenomenon. It has to be seen against the background of the nineteenth-century Labor movements, the Irish struggle, and the Ulster Rebellion. What was unique in it was that for the first time rebels sought to win their cause by inflicting suffering upon themselves rather than upon their enemies. Again and again the Government of the day asked for evidence of a widespread demand for the vote by women; the militants answered, when all peaceful agitation failed, by showing women eager to suffer torture rather than be defeated. It was the prospect of a resumption of that struggle that no Government could stand. I have heard it asked: 'What would have happened if the Pankhursts had had a sense of humor?' The answer is that women today in England might still be holding nice, cosy little drawing-room meetings, asking for the vote.

DAS ENDE DER REPARATIONEN. *By Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. Oldenburg: Gerhard Stalling. 1931.*

(From the *Observer*, London)

UNDER the sinister title of *The End of Reparations*, Dr. Schacht, the former president of the Reichsbank, has published this week a volume of closely packed and illuminating information that must be regarded as of the highest political importance. It is at the same time his own *apologia* and a violent attack upon Dr. Stresemann.

The attack is all the more dangerous as the name of the dead statesman is not mentioned. But Dr. Schacht shows in letters, now published for the first time, that when he was summoned to the Paris Conference binding promises had been made by the Müller cabinet beforehand to the agent general of the Dawes Committee, Mr. Parker Gilbert, that Germany would pay annuities of two milliard marks a year. In reply to his expostulation that had he known this he would never have gone to Paris as financial adviser, the cabinet replied that the main object of the conference was the evacuation of the Rhineland and better relations with France. Dr. Schacht's contention today is that business men would have driven a better bargain, and that Germany cannot fulfill the obligations laid upon her.

The opinion of financial experts upon this book, so lucidly written that every layman can understand it, is that Dr. Schacht is always right on financial matters and always wrong upon political ones. This was displayed in particular when he underestimated the importance of the Rhineland evacuation for Germany. Of imponderables he understands nothing. But of money he understands everything, and the only pity was that, in endeavoring to push his point, he overestimated the importance of the post of Reichsbank president.

Most people qualified to judge consider that his arguments to-day are likely to further the cause of the rabid Nationalists in Germany. Always in the nature of a high explosive, he has chosen a moment to publish certain admirably expressed and unanswerable arguments regarding Germany's payments that can only be dangerous if they are put into practice. He has, in fact, written a very inflammable book, calculated to do damage because it is so good of its kind.

Dr. Schacht's main argument is summed up in the following words:—

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How shall a foreign banker or private capitalist have confidence in a country that has not been able for the past twelve years to pay even one single pfennig of these reparations out of its own economic resources? As long as the obligation to pay continues and the world is not certain that ways and means exist by which Germany can make these reparations by virtue of normal economic activity, she will possess no credit abroad. We shall neither get on our feet again economically nor solve the social problems that grow more threatening from day to day as long as the tribute problem remains unsolved. The coöperation of the other countries, as exacted by the Young Plan, has not yet followed. If it is refused any longer this implies the end of reparations.

Dr. Schacht suggests as a remedy for the impoverishment and gradual exhaustion of Germany—which would prevent her even repaying credits given privately—an ultimatum to the Allies, to be made by those responsible for Germany's foreign policy. Either the obligations taken over by the Allies in the Young Plan must be kept to the letter or reparations payments must stop. He considers that those who put off the evil day and try to gloss over matters are merely storing up trouble ahead.

He has several remedies for the present conditions. He would like to see Wilson's Fourteen Points really put into practice, and believes that the world's chaos can be solved only by a moral rebirth that would make this possible. Discussing concrete questions, he refutes the arguments of those who think that colonies cost too much, and says the return of the colonies would go a long way toward putting the country on its feet again.

Germany is conscious that she owes Dr. Schacht a great deal. He was at the head of the Reichsbank at the worst period of financial uncertainty, when national affairs were in a permanent state of crisis. For this reason, his opinions on financial questions to-day carry more weight than those of any other man in Germany, and his use of arguments propounded by the Hitler and Hugenberg groups is of extraordinary propaganda value to those parties.

On foreign countries his opinions are divided fairly equally into the political and the financial. He regards it, for instance, as one of the greatest achievements of England's post-war history that the pound sterling was restored to its gold parity without any financial manipulation of any kind. On the other hand, he states that England's greatest moral handicap for regaining her position abroad has been her disregard of the laws of private property in warfare—'the worst blow that has been dealt our entire civilization.'

THE EIGHTEENTH DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE WORLD. WARSAW, 1920. *By Viscount D'Abernon. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.*

(Captain B. H. Liddell Hart in the *Daily Telegraph*, London)

THE attraction of historical speculation is attested by the fact that Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* was born in 1851 and is still going strong. No other work on military history has had such an enduring popular vogue. Now, in its eightieth year, Lord D'Abernon gives us a book on *The Eighteenth Decisive Battle of the World*—and thereby opens a new vein of speculation.

Curiosity is excited by the very fact that his nomination falls on an event of the year 1920, a year that to the semiconscious mind instantly suggests

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itself as the second year of peace. Again, the jump from 'Fifteen' to 'Eighteenth' whets interest as to the silent additions. One discovers that in Lord D'Abernon's view Nos. 16 and 17 are Sedan and the Marne.

All will concede the second, that battle which in character was the only great battle on the western front, even though in fighting it was scarcely a battle at all. But some, surveying modern America, may prefer to back Gettysburg. And I should advance the claim of Atlanta. If that surprises many, it will perhaps surprise fewer than does Lord D'Abernon's unhesitating claim for the eighteenth.

Yet it may well be that the battle he chooses—'Warsaw, 1920'—will stand out in future history so boldly that the surprise of coming generations will be at our disregard of it. Lord D'Abernon, indeed, goes back twelve hundred years to find its parallel. 'The Battle of Tours saved our ancestors of Britain and our neighbors of Gaul from the yoke of the Koran; it is probable that the Battle of Warsaw preserved Central and parts of Western Europe from a more subversive danger—the fanatical tyranny of the Soviet.'

Lord D'Abernon reveals Pilsudski as the miracle worker, the strategic genius. Thereby he seems to shatter another popular legend. His evidence is the more notable because he is a great admirer of Weygand, to whose sagacity and capacity he pays high tribute. But the day-to-day record given contains no indication of any place where Weygand's advice had influence.

Pilsudski was a pronounced military heretic, with a profound distrust of orthodox foreign soldiers.

Pilsudski's daring plan was based on what he called 'open-air strategy'—free and far-ranging movement over wide spaces. He deliberately accelerated the retreat to break away from contact with the Russians, then as purposefully weakened the forces covering the vital point of Warsaw on his left, as well as those covering Lemberg on his far right. Next he formed a relatively small but highly mobile striking force.

On the night of August 12 he left Warsaw by car to put himself at its head, spent three days in sharpening his tool, then marched north with giant strides through a hole in the Russian line until he had placed his force astride the rear of the armies that were threatening Warsaw. Among them a disordered retreat soon set in. Meantime Pilsudski had dashed back to Warsaw to organize pursuit!

What a contrast between the divine spark of such generalship and the drab pedantry of 1914–1918! No wonder that Pilsudski boils over when some would-be flatterer suggests that his victory was like Joffre's at the Marne!

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

La Argentina in Paris

MADAME ARGENTINA, the Spanish dancer, who was born in Buenos Aires of a Castilian father and an Andalusian mother and who was originally called Antonia Mercé, has returned to Paris after a tour of the United States. Interviewed by Pierre Lagarde of *Comœdia*, she expressed great enthusiasm for the Japanese in general and for the artist Foujita in particular, whose pictures covered the walls of her dressing room.

'Flowers!' she exclaimed. 'I prefer them to everything in the world except dancing. I believe I have a mystic power over them. When I received these lilacs they were miserable. I cut them and look at them now.'

'Foujita said that you had a magic touch.'

'I believe I must have been a florist in some other existence.'

For no reason at all, the conversation then turned to aëroplanes.

'Don't mention them to me,' she said, 'I have never set foot in those machines of disaster. I am sure I should not like flying and I shall certainly never try it. For I am a calm woman. I like automobiles because they are useful, but I prefer a horse and carriage. Even to return to Tokyo I should not resort to an aëroplane.

'But how I love Tokyo and the charming, polite Japanese. They are exquisite but terrible. When I was in Japan I received a delegation of their journalists one afternoon at three o'clock. We talked politely, fervently, with lengthy exchanges of compliments until seven, and every time I opened my mouth to speak they would say, "Why?" They always want to know the why of things and to discover hidden intentions. What curiosity! And then at seven o'clock, when I prepared to leave them, they pulled out of their pockets a questionnaire miles long that they had prepared in advance. I had to flee in terror.'

Madame Argentina denies that Spain is a gay country. 'The real Spain is not gay at all. Have n't you ever noticed it on crossing the frontier? At Hendaye everyone is gay, smiling, and glad to be alive, but when one arrives at Irun the faces are different. People look as if they had undergone some great misfortune. They are melancholy and sad and their dances express this attitude. In Andalusia, where my mother came from, the dances are gay, but in Asturias and Galicia they are sad. Perhaps the climate has something to do with it, the mountains and the horizons. I am a great believer in the influence of the countryside, for atmosphere has such power. When I dance myself I create in my imagination a whole Spanish setting, with the sun, the crowd, and the atmosphere of Spain, and I rehearse quite alone in my studio, my pianist always remaining in a neighboring room.'

When M. Lagarde asked why she did this, she replied, 'You are becoming Japanese with your questions. How do I know why? Because I cannot hear him breathing and pedaling, because the elaboration of a dance demands the mystery of solitude, because . . .'

And at this point Madame Argentina vanished.

Bulow's Salad Days

THE PUBLICATION of Prince Bülow's *Memoirs* is being accompanied by revelations from other quarters indicating that the former Imperial German Chancellor was by no means the suave, intelligent diplomat that he imagined himself to be. We have included in this department in our last two issues information tending

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to prove that Holstein blackmailed Bülow into pursuing an anti-British policy and that Bülow, for his part, intentionally deceived the Kaiser. But the most important proof of Bülow's incapacity is laid bare in a letter he wrote to the Kaiser's bosom friend, Philip Eulenburg, which the *Berliner Tageblatt* has just published with the following self-explanatory comment:—

'The last number of *Der Staat Seid Ihr!*, a political weekly edited by Thomas Mann and Ernst Jäckh with the collaboration of politicians of all parties, contains a letter written by Chancellor Bülow, then Secretary of State, in 1898. The letter, which is addressed to Prince Eulenburg, is particularly characteristic of Prince Bülow, since it presents in the warmest terms an apotheosis of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Naturally Eulenburg, the most intimate friend of William II, would make the letter or its contents known to the Kaiser. It is well known that in his *Memoirs* Bülow judges the former Kaiser most harshly and even goes so far as to discuss the question of whether Wilhelm II was mentally normal. It should be expressly noted in this connection that such judgments were already current in 1898, when the letter to Eulenburg was written, although they became severer and more outspoken in later years.'

The letter reads as follows:—

BERLIN
February 15, 1898

My good, beloved Philip, how your words moved and touched me! How I feel your true and keen understanding in all that you write! It is only too true that the better everything goes politically, the more jealousy and hatred are malevolently—though for the most part secretly—aroused against me.

Not that the crowd dislikes me in and of myself; I am not powerful enough for that. Moreover, I have many characteristics that tend to propitiate and attract people. What they cannot forgive me is that I have stepped between the precious, idolized Kaiser and so much injustice, malice, and falsehood, and have wrested their weapons from those wicked people who have threatened the noblest and most distinguished of princes. 'Discontent no longer achieves anything,' an opposition journalist complained recently. *Hinc illae irae.*

People have naturally tried to ruin me, to place obstacles in my path, to shake my dear sovereign's confidence in me. But I am continuing on my way calmly. So long as the Kaiser trusts me, I am afraid of nothing and nobody. Should I lose his trust, I could not maintain myself a moment. Both heart and reason tell me that I stand or fall with the confidence of my King and sovereign.

By God's grace everything is going wonderfully well politically. The Kiaochow move so brilliantly conceived and energetically executed by His Majesty has been carried through without causing any serious misunderstandings with other powers. The military-punishment case is no longer causing trouble; interest in it has died down and the Bavarians feel that they are on solid ground again. In the Lippe affair, the Bundesrat unanimously accepted the *inhibitorium contra succession* of the Biesterfelder sons. The prospect for the Navy Bill is encouraging. Our prestige abroad has increased; the temper of our own people has completely changed.

How thankful we must be to God, to whose mercy alone we owe this change. *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis sid tibi.* Moreover, the credit due to me for the improved situation has been greatly overestimated. But truly not by myself! Never have I been so humble inwardly. My own merit is simply that I understand the aims and intentions of my dear sovereign, although my ability to carry them out often falls short of the greatness of his ideas. But I often think that God, whose ways are wonderful and whose means mysterious, has given me, poor creature that I am, to the dear Kaiser as a kind of talisman. Since I have been at

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hand, much has succeeded without my actually participating in it. What has happened to the eternal chancellor crises? See how those ministers who were formerly half refractory, half seditious, have now become mere earwigs. What has happened to the agitation against the 'Cabinet,' the so-called 'Camarilla,' the army, the naval plans, the 'boundless' policy? What has happened to all these nightmares? And with God's help have not far, far more serious dangers been eliminated, dangers so real that I shudder to recall them?

I shall therefore continue peacefully on my way, my gaze directed upward to the eternal home where Adolph, Dörnberg, and my parents abide, and my thoughts wholly concerned with the welfare of the good Kaiser and the power of the Prussian crown. 'The King first in Prussia, Prussia first in Germany, and Germany first in Europe,' as I wrote in my Bible when I was sixteen years old, at school in Halle. My affections are forever centred on the Kaiser. He is so great. Together with the Great King and the Great Elector, he is by far the greatest Hohenzollern who has ever lived. I have never seen anyone in whom genius, the truest and most original genius, is combined with such keen common sense. He has an imagination that raises me above trivialities as if on the wings of an eagle, and at the same time he has the most practical eye for what is possible and attainable. And what energy! What a memory! What swift, precise comprehension! I was completely overwhelmed this morning in the Privy Council. He gave an exposition of the complicated water question, together with the material and departmental matters connected with it, more clearly and precisely than any minister could have done. And he spoke with such freshness, clearness, breadth of general conception—in short, with genius such as no minister even approaches. May God preserve this great monarch and noblest of men!

What a life we lead here! At bottom I exist only for work. My good little wife has fixed up the house very nicely and is calling on all the Excellencies' wives in Berlin with touching speed. In this snapping, grumbling crowd her innocence, naturalness, and goodness make her seem like a pretty, large-eyed gazelle amid butting, bleating goats. But she disarms them all with her innate unpretentiousness and grace. She is often saddened by memories of her mother.

Give my best to your dear mother, whom I love and honor as if she were my own. God bless her. Best wishes to your wife and children. It is a comfort to me that you, who have had to work so hard and faithfully through difficult years, are now finding life somewhat easier. My wife sends love. I embrace you whole-heartedly.

Your faithful old

BERNHARD

The *Berliner Tageblatt* then quotes from Bülow's *Memoirs* the following passage, whose sentiments form an interesting contrast to those expressed in the letter. 'The uneasy and dissatisfied atmosphere that prevailed in Germany after the dismissal of Prince Bismarck received a fresh stimulus in the first half of 1897. At the banquet of the Brandenburg Provincial Diet held on the twenty-sixth of February, 1897, the Kaiser made the more than eccentric speech to which I have already referred. . . . When the Imperial speaker had concluded, careful and conscientious aides-de-camp hastened from chair to chair asking the gentlemen present not to repeat the violent portions of the speech. Almost all of those present respected the request, but one indiscreet guest, a Liberal deputy, it is claimed, made public the monarch's drastic expressions. The general effect was deplorable. From many sides arose the complaint that if matters went on in this way the rich inheritance on which Kaiser Wilhelm II had entered, that inheritance, great in authority, prestige, and popularity, which a long line of Prussian kings, and especially William

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I, had handed down to the young sovereign now reigning—that all this would be dissipated in no time at all. . . . Never, in the days of William I or of his son, had a Kaiser's speech been dominated by scorn.'

Maugham Discusses Drama

WHEN *The Circle* was first produced in London some years ago, its author, Somerset Maugham, was traveling in Java so that he never saw this particular work of his performed until it was revived this winter. He has been making up, however, for all that he missed before by attending rehearsals, and it was at one of them that an interviewer from the *Observer* waylaid him and questioned him on the subject of his dramatic writing. Asked whether he made a practice of watching his plays in the process of production, Mr. Maugham replied, 'I do so whenever I can, because I learn so much from them. It is in the theatre that the dramatist really learns his business. Yes, I am still learning. Watching a producer at work, the dramatist sees what situations carry and the sort of dialogue that is effective. The most surprising things happen. Some years ago I brought out a play called *The Unknown*. When I was writing it I thought it was a drama of situation; it had not struck me that the argument of the play was the really dramatic thing about the piece. At the rehearsals I discovered that the drama lay not in the emotional situation at all, but in the argument; that on the stage it became a different play.'

'Do you actually add much at rehearsals?' asked his interviewer.

'Very little,' Mr. Maugham said, 'but I revise a great deal after I have written the first draft of a play. No, I do not work from a synopsis. I turn an idea over in my mind until I get tired of it. Then I write straight ahead, and the first draft usually takes me a month or six weeks to get down on paper. In this way I keep the spontaneity of the story.'

'Have you set out consciously to satirize the life of to-day?'

'No, within the limitations of the stage I try to represent life as I see it. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that the stage has much to do with life. There must be a similitude to life, but pure naturalism, which I prefer to the word "realism," is not effective. I have a notion that in the future the theatre will become even more theatrical, and I cannot understand the critics who slam a piece because it is theatrical. It is absurd. When you praise a picture you praise it for being pictorial.

'Natural dialogue is no good, except in plays that depend entirely on situation, in which, of course, what people say matters very little. It is no use letting characters speak as they do in real life. The talk must be succinct. It must give an impression of reality, not a copy.

'Theatre-goers have been educated by the cinema to a state of quicker comprehension, and they do not want long explanations. The great difference between the old and the modern play is that nowadays it is not necessary to spend three or four minutes explaining a situation. You can get to it in three or four sentences.'

Like most other successful British dramatists, Mr. Maugham is going to write for the talkies, but he has no intention of visiting Hollywood and seeing what happens to his work when it falls into the hands of the Israelites.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Ervine on Nathan

THAT the welfare of dramatic criticism in the United States demands the immediate marriage of Mr. George Jean Nathan is the chief point made by Mr. St. John Ervine in a review of the latest Nathan opus, *Testament of a Critic*. Having spent a winter as guest dramatic critic on the late New York *World*, Mr. Ervine knows whereof he speaks:—

Mr. George Jean Nathan, having achieved the age of fifty and being still unmarried, evidently considers himself to be an aging man, and, in that belief, has written what is not, I hope, his *last* will and testament. A man can make many wills, may even, as I once did, amuse himself by bequeathing large and imaginary sums of money to undeserving persons, and I shall be very disappointed if Mr. Nathan does not find cause to add many codicils to this testament. Had he sensibly married himself to one of the great multitude of beautiful and charming women who abound in the United States, he would not now be thinking of testaments, as if he already had one foot in the grave, but would be facing fifty with an air, as one who should say, 'Well, what's fifty anyway?' I entreat him to follow the example of his friend, Mr. H. L. Mencken, who wasted the best part of a valuable life in singleness, and marry. I shudder at the thought that Mr. Nathan, for whom I have both admiration and affection, may, at the age of eighty, still be inhabiting two rooms in an hotel, a solitary, uncherished (except by his readers), and fogyfied old bachelor. Let him look to this. Mr. Nathan, as many persons in this country know, is a dramatic critic of highly individual character. He does not frequent gangs, although he lives almost opposite to the Algonquin Hotel in New York, which is the literary gangster's home. He is not one of those persons who will scratch your back if you will scratch his. Let him like your work, even if he dislikes you, and he will praise it. Let him dislike your work, even though he holds you in affection, and he will say that he dislikes it. He is the sort of critic I admire: an ungregarious man who does not deal in mass opinions, but is not afraid or ashamed to agree with the mass when its opinions are right, as they sometimes are. I imagine that when the history of these years in the United States comes to be fairly put down, the scribe will feel obliged to say that Henry L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan were good for their countrymen, even if he has to add that their countrymen were not so good for them. I doubt if any persons in America have done more than these two to prevent Americans from allowing their enthusiasms to run away with their intelligence. Steadfastly judging American work by the highest standards, they have helped to raise American work to the level of the highest standards. The fact that a rich and vigorous literature is now pouring out of the United States is due in large measure to Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan.

America and World Peace

DISCUSSING the prospects of next year's Disarmament Conference, a leading editorial in the London *Observer* emphasizes the necessity of American coöperation:—

America first. No European student of international affairs can fail to put America first, for it is axiomatic that no permanent settlement in Europe can be made without American coöperation. So

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strongly has this doctrine been impressed upon European thought that we tend to forget its novelty and strangeness to American minds. We British, who not so long since stood in splendid isolation, can understand how much it must mean to America to break away from the tradition in which she has walked since she became a nation. Her caution in the matter of her association with the Franco-Italian agreement is eloquent of her feeling. She is on her guard lest she unwittingly become a guarantor of a European pact, and lest, again unwittingly, she compromise naval interests of her own which she will desire to assert at the Conference. Her caution is intelligible enough. We appreciate it and realize that Europe must establish her own peace first before America can join in to make peace world-wide.

Personal Problems in America

WRITING in the London *Spectator* on the subject of 'Personal Problems in America,' Alan Porter, an Englishman who has spent some time in New York, asserts that there are more similarities than differences between the United States and England, but he does recognize that certain private matters are not looked upon in the same way in the two countries:—

One fact, however, will call attention to a noticeable difference in stress. In America—or at least in New York—the proportion of melancholia is higher than in Europe; and every psychic disturbance seems to have a tinge of melancholia about it. In part I should attribute this to the great pressure under which every American labors to 'make good,' to be a 'success.' In Europe it is still, fortunately, possible to go through life without being either a failure or a success. We do not feel nearly so much that others are measuring our status and calculating whether we have 'made the grade.' But here in America great numbers of people are haunted by the enormous importance of justifying their existence. Of course, as the whole world knows, the commonest 'yardstick' of success in America is money. If an American tries to explain the merits of 'Amos an' Andy,' the two most famous radio comedians, he is almost sure to begin, 'Do you know what they get? Fifty thousand dollars a year.' One American, speaking to me of an acquaintance, said, 'He'll never be a success. He spends his time doing wood engraving, and there's no money in that.' The advertisements ask you point-blank, 'Are you a $UCCE$$?' But this is not the point of most difficulty. It is rather that only two categories exist, success and failure. There is no room for the thousandfold variety of enjoyment in doing the work that interests us. Everyone is faced all the time with the bitter question, 'Am I a success or a failure?'

This is the tension of all America. Some people thrive on it. Success is always ahead of them. Ten times over they lose a fortune and set to cheerfully to build up another. Others, when they experience a defeat, feel that they have been finally ranked as failures. So many men, when they lose a job, respond with a mental breakdown. So many others, even when everything goes well, are pursued by the fear that the bubble will collapse. So many wives are secretly ashamed that their husbands have not 'made good.' This tension could hardly make for a peaceable and contented old age. No man who reviews his life can look on it as a complete success, and the more exacting his goal has been the more apt he will be to relapse into depression and self-pity.

Another inferiority feeling that haunts many Americans is their supposed lack of culture. This reproach could never be brought against them except for the fact that they are so deeply convinced of its truth. It is only when a man feels himself *parvenu* that he behaves like a parvenu.

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Everyone who has spoken to a chance-met American must have been astonished at his wealth of information on science, on literature, on the arts, on every human interest. Yet this nation of encyclopædias still feels that it must be told what to like; is still apologetic about its lack of 'tradition'; still hurries to learn more and more in the hope of keeping pace with Europe. It is useless to say that true culture implies ease and the absence of any sense of inferiority. It is useless to say that true culture implies trusting one's own appreciations and seeing the world by the light of one's natural interests. The great American middle classes import thousands of lecturers and listen to them all with strained attention. They gorge themselves on other people's opinions. It is almost inconceivable that a human being, given the opportunity of going either to a theatre or to a lecture on 'Contemporary Æsthetics,' should deliberately choose the lecture. But every evening in New York there are hundreds of lectures, discussions, and debates. People will even invite you to dinner and a lecture.

There is one difference that I have felt, but have not been able to analyze at all clearly. It is connected with the conflict between the fact of the fiercest competition and the constitutional theory of human equality. Every child is brought up to know that all human beings are equal, and that he may one day be president. There is nothing an American dislikes more than the suspicion that someone is 'high-hatting' him, behaving as if he were his superior. In many ways there is real democracy in America, real freedom to say what you think without finding the air stiffen and grow chilly, real friendliness, warmth of feeling, and desire to help anyone who needs help. A lecturer can always draw the sympathy of his audience by making fun of people who are occupied with their own prestige, or who desire to show their own importance. But sometimes one can feel one's self in the presence of that distressing problem, 'How can I show my own importance without showing that I am showing it?' This is by no means an exclusively American problem. I suspect that the celebrated English 'reserve' springs from no other root. In the American version, however, there are two incomplete solutions: one man overrides the problem and 'bluffs'; another gives way before it, is verbally extremely considerate of other people's feelings, and suffers all the time from the conviction that he should have 'put himself over' in a more heroic and unflinching way.

And the sphere of love and marriage? Really, there is a great muddle over sexual problems in America. To hear people talk, one would gather that the 'ancient Victorian superstitions' had been entirely abolished and that everybody was preparing to enter a golden age of promiscuity tempered by semipermanent partnerships. I do not believe that any nation *talks* more about sex than the Americans, or boasts more of open-mindedness and a common-sense attitude. But the *lives* of Americans seem to tell a quite different story; a story of grave frustrations, embarrassments, and dissatisfactory attempts at hurried solutions. Here, again, I believe that the difficulties are caused by a conflict between the theory of equality and the fact of competition. Everyone in America will agree that the sexes are equal. Most people will argue that equality has already been achieved. But the truth seems to be that the two sexes, on the whole, are very much frightened of each other. I read recently that there are a million women living on alimony in the United States. This sounds like an exaggeration; but at least it will draw attention to a quite remarkable state of affairs. Every day there are breach-of-promise cases for absolutely astonishing sums. If such facts exist, it is obviously untrue that women have secured economic equality with men or have equal economic opportunities. If women felt that they had achieved equality, they could not

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tolerate such a position of dependence. It is just as obvious that men have by no means achieved superiority. The feeling of equality can come only through coöperation and common interests.

A Visit to Vassar

RICHARD HÜLSENBECK, a German journalist who has traveled widely in the United States, gives the following description of a visit he paid to Vassar College:—

If I had an American daughter I should certainly send her to Poughkeepsie, provided, of course, I could raise the two thousand dollars a year that it costs to go there. The girls who attend this women's college in Poughkeepsie are veritable baronesses. No country has ever done so much for its young women as America. Here in Vassar and elsewhere, but especially in Vassar, a feminine type is formed whose mental and physical development charms the visitor to America. Nowhere in the world are there so many pretty girls as in America, and if one asks them where they received their strongest impressions, they always begin talking about some college they attended, situated outside a great city and thus able to exercise its romantic charm on their sensitive hearts.

College girls live as secluded a life as if they were in a cloister, and every precaution is taken to cultivate this atmosphere. Leaves of absence are strictly limited and the hours of rising and going to bed are regulated. They live under a mixture of precise discipline and generous freedom, a remarkable system to which they readily submit themselves. This system is typical of the American conception of life. Much that we should allow is not permitted here under any circumstances, and, on the other hand, much that we forbid is permitted in America.

The wealth of the girls who study here and describe in their own periodical their ideas of God, the world, and their teachers naturally creates certain liberties. Each one has her own automobile and each has her own boy friend whose framed photograph stands by her bedside. There is a special reception room for men and they are greeted most cordially, but at first one feels a little embarrassed, for there is a conscious effort to differentiate between masculine and feminine education.

Eleven hundred rich girls live in Poughkeepsie. They all spend three or four years in the college, even when they have decided that their careers shall end in the arms of the young man whose photograph they treasure. An American father could never imagine that he had spent his money in vain if his daughter gave up her desire for learning and preferred to have babies rather than get good marks in her examinations. American fathers always give their daughters the same educational opportunities that they give their sons and this is what has made American girls so independent and lovely.

Vassar College has a laboratory where one can experiment with white mice. There is also a splendid library and even a nursery, where the children in the town are tended by college girls who feel that they should learn about such matters. But the nursery is virtually deserted. What can these millionairesses learn to their advantage here? They will have plenty of servants later on to look out for their children and all they care for now is to have a sound mind in a sound body, and this is the right place for it.

The lady who supervised our visit accompanied us to a restaurant where, of course, no alcohol was served, but where there were plenty of hot sandwiches made of cheese, ham, and lettuce, a mixture to which a European stomach has some difficulty in getting accustomed. The taxi driver charged us a dollar for the trip back to the station, but we had been so well repaid by our visit that we gave him an extra quarter.

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AMERICA LOOKS ABROAD

THE striking proposal of Count Wladimir d'Ormesson, translated in full in our April issue, that the United States and France should allow Germany a fifty-per-cent cut in reparations payments during the next two years has brought us a number of comments. These in particular seemed to us of such general interest that we are passing them on to our readers.

Colonel House, a member of our Advisory Council, who certainly needs no identification, is frankly skeptical as to the possibilities of the D'Ormesson Plan.

104 EAST 68TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

TO THE EDITOR:—

Thank you for sending me Count Wladimir d'Ormesson's proposals regarding German reparations.

I have read them with much interest, for I feel that it is one of the pressing problems of the day. There are objections to his plan, which he admits himself, but the good results which would follow its acceptance far outweigh them.

One of the main advantages would be its moral effect, not only upon Germany but upon the world in general. It would be a promise of international coöperation and generosity that would stimulate hope throughout the world.

However, it is needless to speculate upon the advantages or disadvantages of such a plan, for in my opinion neither the United States nor France could be brought to accept it even though its acceptance would result in more benefit to them than to Germany.

Sincerely yours,
E. M. HOUSE

Norman H. Davis, former Acting Secretary of State and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of foreign loans in 1919 and 1920, speaks with an authority equal to, and almost identical with that of Colonel House, but takes a more hopeful view.

61 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

TO THE EDITOR:—

While objections can be made to some of Count d'Ormesson's proposals and while there are difficulties in the way of putting them into effect, I feel that it is decidedly worth while to make an effort to do something along the lines indicated. The political effect of his proposals would be most salutary and I am satisfied that the economic effect would be very beneficial. To lighten the burden of Germany just now would help to relieve unemployment and would stimulate economic recovery. So far as the United States is concerned, the chances are that by forgoing the collection for two years of half of the payments on the inter-Allied debts we should be able to sell abroad surplus goods considerably in excess of such collections as would be postponed and that we should make a considerable contribution to the peace and progress of the world.

Very sincerely yours,
NORMAN H. DAVIS

Finally, Mr. Edward A. Filene, also a member of our Advisory Council, and a prominent man of business who has devoted much of his time to the study of international trade, writes us at some length.

The danger in Europe is so real that every man who undertakes to advise on the situation must do so with a sense of great responsibility.

The test to be applied to the D'Ormesson Plan is not whether it is theoretically good, but whether it is practically possible.

This plan calls for serious financial sacrifices by the United States at a time when the United States is suffering from a very serious unemployment and business crisis and facing a deficit of $500,000,000 in its annual budget. The chances are therefore against either of the two great parties being willing to assume the responsibility for adding to the deficiency the great sums called for by the D'Ormesson Plan.

In view of the real danger in Germany, and therefore to the peace of Europe and the

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world, it is probable that a bill providing for the financing by the United States of the D'Ormesson Plan might be introduced in Congress. But it will not pass because it will be pointed out that it will—it must—fail in getting the intended results.

It will be pointed out that the probabilities are that in view of the political conditions in Germany and in most of the other important countries of Europe the money from the United States will not bring the intended results, but will be diverted by the relentless strife between the political parties in Germany as well as in the other nations.

It will be pointed out that when these parties faced the real dangers of the late war they sank their differences wholly and united as one man to meet their common national danger. It will be pointed out that the present dangers cannot be so serious or else the political parties would again be united to face what we are told is a real and supreme danger to the stability of orderly government in Germany, whose replacement now by radical or revolutionary government would basically threaten the peace of the world.

I can see no adequate answer to these arguments if they are presented by the opponents of such a bill in Congress.

Therefore it seems to me that before there can be any practical hope for the success of such a plan as the D'Ormesson proposal there must be a coalition government in Germany made up of all the important parties, who will, as a basis for the remission of the great annual debt-interest payments proposed by the D'Ormesson Plan, submit to the United States a scientifically worked out plan to whose carrying out all the German parties are pledged, and which will guarantee that the money voted by the United States will be so used in giving the masses adequate employment and raising their standard of living that the peril of dangerous radical and political movements and revolution will be removed. In such a situation there would be many men in Congress and masses of our voters who would feel it their duty and their opportunity to help the peace and progress and safety of the world even at the cost of heavy financial sacrifices, and therefore there might be a fighting chance for the success of the bill.

I personally believe that the dangers are as great as Count d'Ormesson portrays them. In a speech in Berlin last summer, I said,—

'I have been traveling and studying business, social, political, and general economic conditions in Europe since June 20. Everywhere I have found bad conditions. I have found an increasing number of people out of work. I have found business in a bad condition everywhere, and great misery among the masses. Nowhere have I found governmental plans adequate to deal with this threatening state of affairs. Nowhere have I found a scientific plan or policy of any political party dealing practically and adequately with the national need of work for the masses this winter, the lack of which threatens, if it becomes unbearable, to put an end to constitutional government by dictatorship or revolution or war. The results of the German election indicate the trend of events unless true remedies are applied. For the mass man will not quietly starve for lack of work, and still less will he allow his wife and children to starve.'

If the American people are to come to the rescue they must be convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that their help will be effective. If they are so convinced, they have shown again and again that they are capable of all the financial sacrifices that are required.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

SALZBURG. July 25, Opening of Salzburg Festival.

VIENNA. Sundays, May 15–June 28, Exhibitions of Spanish Riding School; *Sundays, May 15–May 31*, Popular Orchestral Concerts, Church Concerts; *May 15*, Derby; *17, 24, 25*, Automobile and Motorcycle Races; *26–31*, International Congress of Ecclesiastical Psychology; *June*, International Congress of Psychopaths, International Dressmakers' Congress; *1–13*, International Postgraduate Course in Medicine; *5–8*, Bridge Congress; *7–21*, Vienna Festival Weeks; *8–13*, International Hospital Congress; *14*, International Automobile Races; *22–26*, Rotary Convention; *July*, Daily Performances in the Burggarten.

Belgium

FURNES. July 26, Procession of Penitents.

Czechoslovakia

LUHAČOVICE. June 7–9, Music Festival; *9–21*, International Lawn-Tennis Tournament; *23–28*, International Fencing Match.

PARDUBICE. June–July, Exhibition of Sport and Physical Culture of the Czechoslovak Republic; *4*, Hunters' Day and Cynologic Day, Football Match for the Middle European Amateur Cup: Czechoslovakia *v.* Hungary; *28*, Gymnastic Performances.

PRAGUE. May 30–June 7, Agricultural Exhibition; *June*, Slavonic Scouts' Jamboree; *5–8*, International Agricultural Congress; *27–28*, Athletic Championship Matches for Men; *July 4–5*, Athletic Championship Matches for Women.

VELEHRAD. July 5, Pilgrimage in National Costumes.

Denmark

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. June 15, Flag Day; *23*, St. John's Eve.

England

ASCOT. June 16–19, Royal Ascot Week, Racing.

BAMPTON. May 25, Folk-Dancing Festival.

CAMBRIDGE. June 10–17, Rowing, May Week.

LONDON. May 20–23, Chelsea Flower Show; *25*, London Cart-Horse Parade; *June 3*, Royal Ceremony in Honor of King's Birthday; *9–10*, Iris Show; *18–27*, International Horse Show; *27*, Royal Air-Force Pageant at Hendon; *27, 29, 30*, Cricket Match: England *v.* New Zealand; *29–July 4*, Second International Congress of the History of Science and Technology; *6–8*, Cricket Match: Oxford *v.* Cambridge; *8*, British Empire Garden Party at Roehampton; *18*, Athletics: Harvard and Yale *v.* Oxford and Cambridge at Stamford Bridge; *20–28*, Ninth Festival of International Society for Contemporary Music.

OXFORD. May 21–26, Eights Week; *June 22–28*, Commemoration Week; *July 22–24*, Grand National Archery Meet.

SOUTHAMPTON. June 20–27, International Motor-Boat Week.

STONEHENGE. June 24, Midsummer Morning Ceremony.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. June 29, Opening of Shakespeare Summer Dramatic Festival.

Germany

BAYREUTH. July 21, 22, 23, 25, Wagner Operas.

BERLIN. June 3, Beethoven Ninth Symphony; *June 12–19*, International Horse Races.

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GÖRLITZ. May 19–24, Silesian Music Festival.
HANOVER. June 2–7, Riding and Driving Tournament; *20–21*, Centenary of the Assocated North German Singing Societies.
KÖNIGSBERG. June 15–30, German Music Festival.
MAGDEBURG. June 6, Riding Tournament.
MAINZ. June 24, Gutenberg Festival.
MARBURG. July 5, Hessian Costume Festival.
MEISSEN. June 13–17, Historical Festival.
MUNICH. June 20, Opening of the 'Woman of To-day' Exposition; *July 18–30*, Wagner and Mozart Opera Festivals.
OBERHOF. July 11–18, Golf Tournament.
ROTHENBURG. May 23, Church Concert; *24*, Historic Shepherds' Dance; *25*, Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the *Meistertrunk*.
SONDERSHAUSEN. May 24, Beethoven Ninth Symphony.
ULM. May 23–June 15, Reformation Exposition commemorating 400th Anniversary of the Ulm Reformation; *24, 25*, Festival Play.

HAWAII

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. June 11, Kamehameha Day.
WAIKIKI. June 11, Water Sports Contest.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. June 8–July 5, International Polo Meet; *June 21*, Hungarian Derby; *28–29*, International Rowing Match.

IRELAND

CURRAGH. May 19–21, Irish Two-Thousand-Guineas Horse Race; *June 23–25*, Irish Derby.
DUBLIN. June 5–6, Irish *Grand-Prix* Motor Races; *17–23*, Royal Society of Architects Conference.
COUNTY MAYO. July 26, Pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick.

ITALY

PADUA. June 6–29, International Fair.
SIENA. July 2, Palio Race in historic costumes.
VENICE. July 19, Feast of the Redeemer.

SCOTLAND

CARNOUSTIE. June 1–5, British Open Golf Championship Matches.
DUNOON. June 26–July 7, Royal Clyde Fortnight Yachting.
GLASGOW. July 20, Scottish Amateur Golf Championship Matches at Prestwick.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. June 6, Swedish Flag Day; *23*, Midsummer Eve.
STOCKHOLM. May 15–31, International Air Exhibition; *June 5–7*, Royal Swedish Yacht Club Races; *17*, Football Match: Sweden *v.* Germany; *20*, International Athletic Sports.

SWITZERLAND

BERN. July 24, Opening of First Swiss Exhibition for Hygienics and Sport; *25–27*, Nineteenth Swiss Music Festival.
BIENNE. June 6, 7, 8, Bernese Cantonal Singing Fête; *July 18, 19, 20*, Bernese Cantonal Gymnastic Fête.
DAVOS-PLATZ. June 1–7, Grisons Cantonal Singing Fête.
FLUMS-SPITSMEILEN. June 7, Fifth Summer Ski Race.
GENEVA. June 27, 28, Swiss Costume Fête.
JUNGFRAUJOCH. July 13, 14, Fourteenth International Summer Ski Race.
LUCERNE. July 4–12, International Horse-Jumping.
MONTREUX. June 6–7, Narcissus Festival.
ZÜRICH. June 9, Concert by the 'Revelers' at the Tonhalle; *end of June*, Night Fête on the Lake.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE real truth is that armaments are a burden, a necessary evil, and a relic of barbarism, or, at any rate, of an imperfect civilization. Nations ought to regard their armaments as something they maintain very much against their will, merely as a concession to an evil state of things still existing in the world, and something that ought to be abolished as soon as possible. The nation which has the courage, vigor, and initiative to diminish its armaments most is really the nation that is leading the world and is entitled to the greatest amount of reputation and prestige.—*Lord Robert Cecil.*

For centuries war was a pillaging expedition and the conqueror returned from it laden with his booty. This is no longer true. The winner, no matter how complete his triumph may be, exposes himself to the danger of currency deflation, to crises of production and consumption, to unemployment. No one would dare to deny this any more; the lesson inflicted on every nation was so cruel that not one of them can forget it. And, just as war is no longer a means by which nations can enrich themselves, so it has also ceased to be a means of aggrandizement and territorial extension.—*Léon Blum, Leader of the French Socialist Party.*

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that trade is the handmaid of peace and that by the freest exchange of goods and commodities you are likely to remove those misunderstandings and prevent those misrepresentations which keep the nations apart, aloof, and suspicious.

The nations have recently met together and agreed to abolish war as the final arbiter in international affairs. But, as I see it, the spirit of militarism is only scotched. It is not killed. And I am not sure whether it would be really disastrous if the spirit which has been laid to rest within the orbit of military affairs should once more be revived in the form of an economic war.—*Sir Charles Addis, Director of the Bank of England.*

War will never be exterminated by any agency until men and nations become more spiritual and adopt the principle of brotherhood and concord rather than that of antagonism, competition, and the superiority of brute force. You in the West do not recognize the power of spiritual things, but some day you will, and then you will be free from war, crimes of violence, and the things that go with these evils. The West is too materialistic, selfish, and narrowly nationalistic. What we want is an international mind embracing the welfare and spiritual advancement of all mankind.—*Mahatma Gandhi.*

If it [next year's disarmament conference] fails there will be an irresistible demand from Germany to arm herself and there will be a line-up between the nations backing the Versailles Treaty and those favoring revision. And if the conference fails I for one will begin preaching isolation for Britain—abrogation of the Locarno Pact and withdrawal of all our European commitments so that we shall be able to keep out of it.—*Lieutenant Commander J. M. Kenworthy, Labor Member of Parliament.*

France is often accused of imperialism. There is no more profound error, no more unjust calumny. Imperialism is movement, and that is exactly the opposite of the spirit of the majority of the French people, who are arming themselves, not to change the state of affairs, but to preserve them exactly as they are.—*William Martin, Foreign Editor of the 'Journal de Genève.'*

If I am not mistaken, every nation has laws for the prevention and suppression of crimes. It therefore seems that the first deduction to be drawn in regard to these dangers of war is as follows: those men who, to defend their own miserable interests, propose organizing human hecatombs, those men, I repeat, should be isolated. We have various extremely human ways of isolating such people, who, after all, are a social danger. They could, for instance, be deported to the Solomon Islands or other parts of the world populated by cannibals. I am profoundly convinced that the proposition I have broached should not be regarded as cruel since the men whom it would affect are such characters as Winston Churchill, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Poincaré, and others of their stamp. —*Maxim Gorki.*

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